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November 16, 1907.

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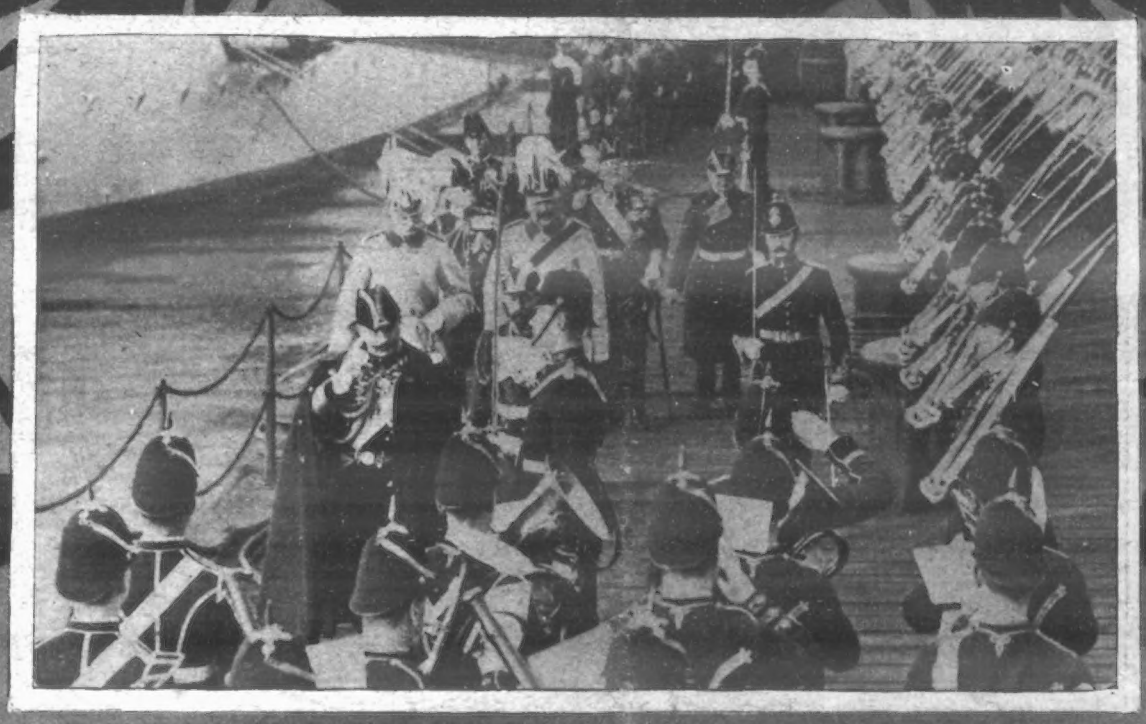

EDMUND POLLOCK.

THE KAISER: "IT SEEMS LIKE COMING HOME!"

The German Emperor and Empress are in England, and the reception accorded them must have given them the greatest satisfaction. From the time that the "Hohenzollern" anchored, their Majesties have received almost numberless addresses of welcome, listened to deafening cheers, and bestowed thousands of smiles upon millions of enthusiastic Britons. Somehow we seem to have a warm corner in our hearts for the ever-youthful ruler whose upturned moustache adds ferocity to a mouth which, though full of determination, is really formed on much kindlier lines, and who, despite acknowledged errors of judgment, has proved himself one of the strongest rulers of modern times. It is this strength of purpose, this belief in the duties of his high office, that has sometimes led the Kaiser into error. Yet, for all his hot-headedness, what a diplomat he proved himself when, in answer to the Mayor of Windsor's address, he said simply: "It seems like coming home again to come to Windsor"! Our photograph of the Kaiser shows him in the uniform of a British Field-marshal. The portrait of the Kaiserin is a particularly pleasing one; while our bottom picture shows the landing of the Kaiser at Portsmouth, where he was welcomed by the Prince of Wales, who may also be seen in the photograph.—*[Photos. Voight and Cribb]*

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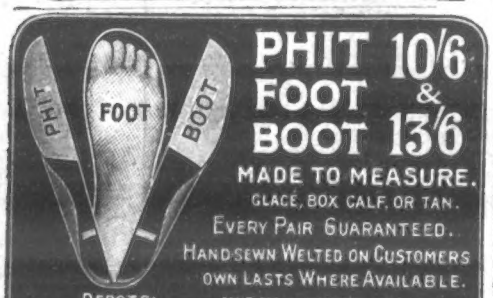

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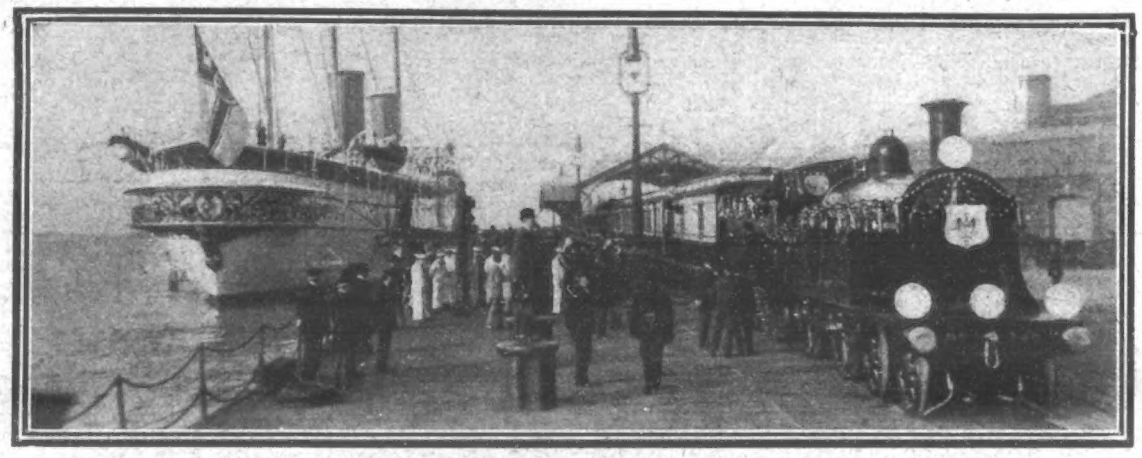
THE VISIT OF THE KAISER AND KAISERIN TO ENGLAND.

BRITISH BLUEJACKETS CHEER THE KAISER FROM THE BOW OF A BATTLESHIP.



THE ROYAL YACHT MOORED TO THE QUAY AND THE DECORATED "IMPERIAL" ABOUT TO START ON ITS RUN TO WINDSOR, THEIR MAJESTIES HAVING BOARDED IT WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER NOTABILITIES.

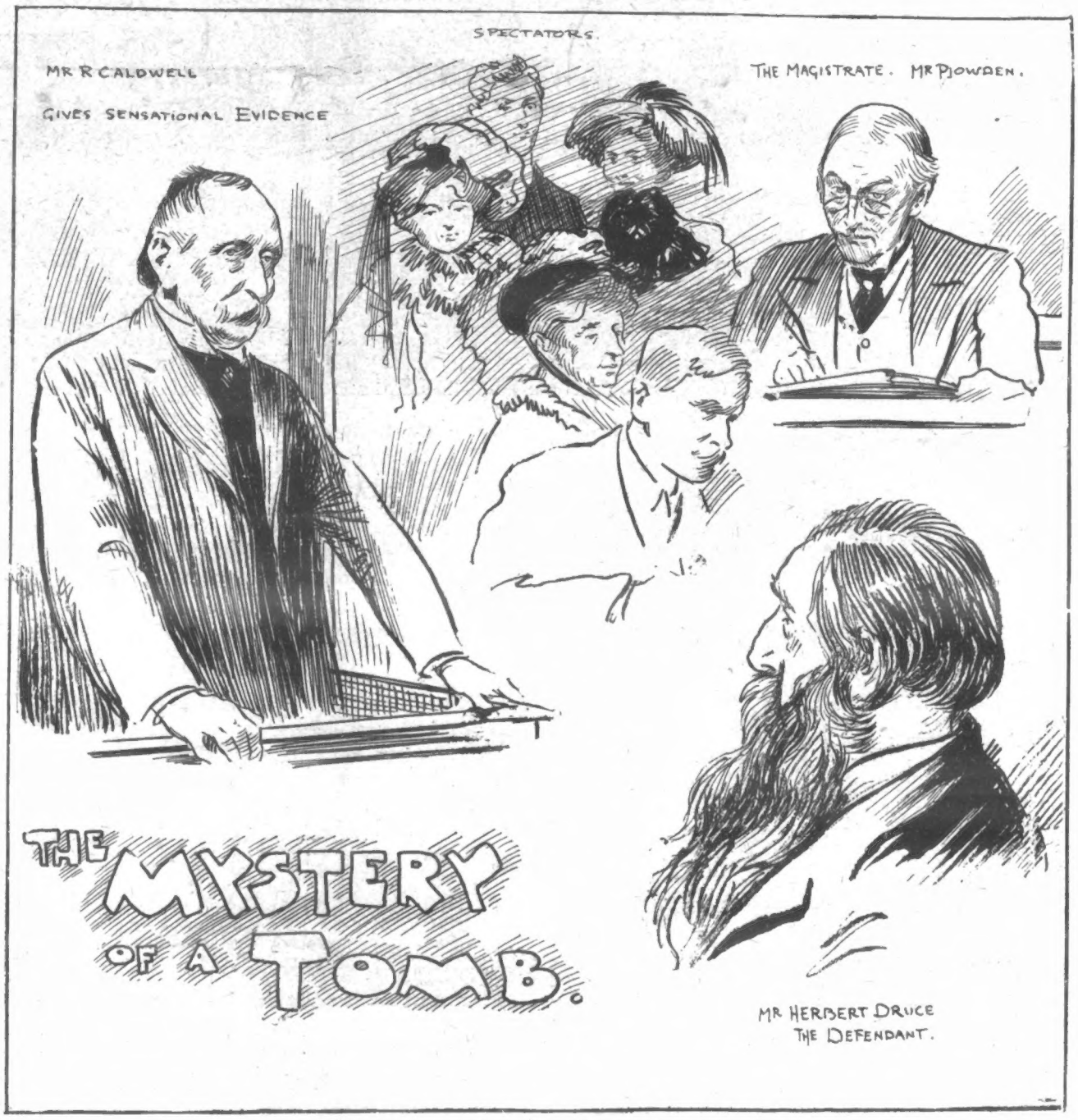
TREASON SYNDICATE.

ARREST OF SIX SUSPECTS IN FRANCE.

Six members of a supposed treason syndicate have been arrested at Marseilles, Toulon, and Hyères.

The leader is a man named André, who attracted the attention of the police some time ago by spending money freely with warrant officers and men of the fleet at Toulon, although he had no known source of income. Finding that he was in the habit of receiving letters under another name at a post office, the police secretly opened some of his correspondence, and found it highly suspicious.

The letters were sealed up again, and when André came to fetch them he was taken into custody. Two of the other prisoners are commercial travellers and three are electricians.



ACTORS IN THE DRUCE PORTLAND DRAMA IN COURT.

Mr. Caldwell is the witness from America who made the amazing statements alleging that he purchased lead to place in the coffin supposed to contain the body of T. C. Druce, who, it is claimed, was the fifth Duke of Portland, who did not die until some years later.

£16,000,000. AT STAKE

THE GREAT POSSESSIONS OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

THE charge of alleged perjury against Mr. Herbert Druce at the Marylebone Police-court has once more stimulated public interest in a case in which, according to one story, a lead-filled coffin, a mock funeral with fifty coaches, and a Duke, who, it is alleged, passed as the owner of the Baker Street Bazaar, form so picturesque a background. For the majority of people, however, the real interest probably centres in the question whether the Duke of Portland will be dispossessed of his title, and whether that, together with his great possessions in money and in lands, will be transferred to the claimant, Mr. George Hollamby Druce, the prosecutor in the present case.

While everyone recognises that an enormous sum is at stake, in addition to a great title, few people have anything but the vaguest conception of the amount of money involved. According to the estimate made by Druce, Limited, a company formed to fortify the claims of Mr. George Hollamby Druce, the estates are, in one way and another, set down at no less than sixteen million pounds sterling. This, however, it must be borne in mind, is not entirely the value of the Portland estates, for in the sum are included what are now known as the Howard de Walden estates, which the present peer of that name inherited. These Howard de Walden estates were, before the present Duke of Portland came into the title, known as the Portland Middlesex Estate, and belonged to the late Duke for his life. On his death they devolved on Lord Howard de Walden, in consequence of the last Duke, as alleged, not leaving any lineal descendant, for the present Duke is a grandson of the third Duke, and was an officer in the Coldstream Guards when the death of his cousin made him unexpectedly the possessor of a great title and a great inheritance. The Howard de Walden estates are exceedingly valuable, but are not so extensive as they are supposed to be. They never included Baker Street and the Baker Street Bazaar, as they were supposed to do. These latter are on the Portman Estate, and the similarity of the two names—Portman and Portland—is quite sufficient to account for the popular error in the matter.

The part which the Duke of Portland played during the later years of the reign of Queen Victoria, and that he has filled during nearly the whole of the reign of His Majesty the King, coupled with his exalted title, easily accounts for the fact that men and women for the most part ignore the Howard de Walden issue, and concentrate their attention on the problem as to whether his Grace will eventually be relegated to the position of a commoner and be deprived of his estates, occupying an area of over 183,000 acres, and his palaces, Welbeck Abbey; Fullarton House, Ayrshire; Castle Cessnock, Galston, Ayrshire and Langwell, Berriedale, Caithness-shire—and whether the Australian carpenter will assume them in his stead.

The Portland peerage is remarkable in the annals of the land, for it is said to be the only family founded by a foreigner which has attained the highest rank a British subject can occupy since the days when the Plantagenet Kings ruled over the land and a sprig of broom was the symbol of England's reigning house. The peerage was founded by William III., who made his faithful follower Hans William Bentinck Earl of Portland. Bentinck was the descendant of a noble Dutch family, and began his life as a page to the Prince of Orange, who subsequently made him Gentleman of the Bedchamber. When, in 1675, William was stricken down with the small-pox, all his attendants fled from him with the exception of Bentinck, who heroically remained by his master's side and nursed him faithfully night and day. Tribute to his care was paid by William himself later on, for he said, "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill I know not. But this I know—that through sixteen days and nights I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly by my side."

As a result of this attendance Bentinck caught the infection from his master, and had the disease so badly that he nearly died. He, however, recovered, and attended the monarch on the battlefield, and he also came to England to negotiate the marriage of William and Mary. After the Battle of the Boyne William III. gave his favourite about 135,000 acres of land in Ireland and many manors in England, and in 1689 he made him Baron of Cirencester, Viscount Woodstock, Earl of Portland, and a Privy Councillor. In spite of the royal favour, Bentinck was detested by the English, in great measure because he was a Dutchman, but probably also because of his penurious character. One of his contemporaries described him as "very profuse in gardening, birds, and household furniture, but mighty frugal and parsimonious in everything else." For twenty years the Earl of Portland enjoyed his titles and amassed money, so that when he died, in 1709, he left estates valued at £800,000 and the reputation of being the richest subject in Europe, for it must be remembered that £800,000 in those days was worth considerably more than that sum, large as it is, would be to-day.

His son, the second Earl, was created Duke of Portland in 1710, so that the Dukedom is almost exactly two hundred years old. The Duke, who was said to be "the finest person and most successful gentleman who ever adorned the British Court," married a daughter of the second Earl of Gainsborough, through whom he got the Lordship of Titchfield, from which the heir to the title derives his name. The present Marquis, it may be added in passing, is now a boy fourteen years old. The first Duke of Portland was one of those who lost a large proportion of his fortune in the South Sea Bubble, so that he was quite willing to accept the Governorship of Jamaica and go out to that colony, where he died.

His heir restored the shattered fortunes of the house by contracting a marriage with Margaret Harley, the heiress of the Cavendishes. It was she who brought Welbeck Abbey into the Portland family, and that famous house which is shortly to welcome their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain among its guests, contains her portrait. It is interesting to note that the dress in which she is painted was copied for the dresses of the bridesmaids of the present Duchess. Margaret Harley was also the owner of the Portland Estate which, as already observed, has passed to Lord Howard de Walden. Her name is preserved in Harley Street and Cavendish Square, which may be said to be the sacred precincts of the more exalted members of the medical profession.

The third Duke married a daughter of the then Duke of Devonshire, and through her more lands were added to the estate; while the fourth Duke, by his marriage with Miss Scott, the daughter of General John Scott of Balcowrie, "the Fifeshire heiress" as she was called, brought the Scotch estates into the family. These estates now include over 81,000 acres in Caithness, which were bought by the late Duke, and at one time also contained the Harbour of Troon, on the Ayrshire coast, which was sold to the Glasgow and South-Western Company a few years ago.

One of the sons of the third Duke was the famous Lord George Bentinck, the great racing man and sportsman, who owned a hundred racehorses but never once succeeded in winning the Derby, though he had set his heart on doing so. Among the duels he fought was one with Squire Osbaldestone, who, on one occasion, went to him and said: "Lord George, I want the four hundred pounds I won of you at Heaton Park." Lord George replied: "You mean the four hundred pounds you swindled me out of at Heaton Park."

Such an accusation could only have one result in those days. The Squire sent his seconds to the sportsman with a challenge to a duel. Lord George accepted it. They met, and fought with pistols. When the word was given Lord George fired first, but missed. "Now, Squire," he called to his opponent, as the latter held out his pistol at arm's-length, "it 's two to one in your favour."

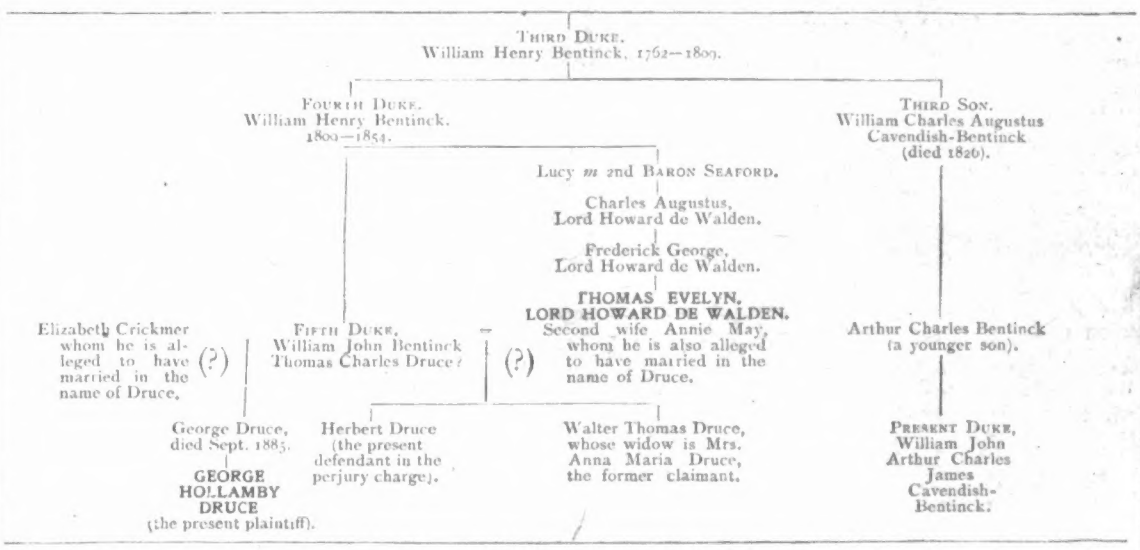
"Why, then, the bet 's off," exclaimed the magnanimous Squire, and fired his pistol into the air.

The fifth Duke, who, it is alleged, was also Druce, the proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar, had the reputation of being the most eccentric peer of the last century. For twenty-five years he lived the life of a recluse at Welbeck Abbey, and it is to him that that great house enjoys the distinction of being unique, not only among the famous houses in England, but also in the world. As everybody knows—for the statement has been made times without number—the Duke suffered from a skin disease which rendered him unsightly, and made him desire to shun the society of his fellow men. That, at all events, is one of the reasons given for the underground life he led. His eccentricity was also shown in his dress, for he is described as having worn peg-top trousers tied round the ankle, a silk hat two feet high, and, as a rule, three frock coats, one over the other, to which—when he went out—were added three overcoats; while in his hand he carried an enormous umbrella, with which the fabled one of Mrs. Gamp would appear comparatively small. In his diet, too, he was said to be somewhat peculiar, for he rigorously refused to eat butcher's meat, and had served for dinner every day a fine, fat chicken, in which respect, it must be admitted, he resembled certain other famous men.

The peculiarity which Welbeck enjoys strikes the visitor immediately on entering

(*Continued on page 319.*)

MR. GEORGE HOLLAMBY DRUCE (MARKED WITH A CROSS), THE CLAIMANT TO THE PORTLAND ESTATES.



THE TABLE SAID TO SHOW THE POSITION OF THE PARTIES IN THE DRUCE-PORTLAND DRAMA.

THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. II.—A JUDGE'S TRIAL.

AMID the hush that fell upon the crowded Court, his Lordship began his summing-up.

And the prisoner smiled confidently. Dimitri Diamandi's black eyes glittered absolutely insolently as they intercepted the grim gaze of Brandon Barr, who, on this occasion, was prosecuting solicitor.

But that look of insolent confidence changed strangely as Mr. Justice Wallingford went on, quietly, but with masterly skill, analysing the evidence, placing clearly before them what was strict evidence in the eye of the law, casting aside what was not, from a legal standpoint, evidence — removing the wheat from the chaff.

Imperative confidence gave place in the prisoner's eyes to rage, that he scarcely attempted to control. To Brandon Barr it seemed that the gaze the notorious scoundrel fixed upon the eminent Judge was absolutely threatening.

But the Judge went hastily on piecing out the damning evidence, and constructing link by link a chain ever tightening around Dimitri Diamandi.

Once—twice. Barr could have sworn the man standing there in the dock undergoing process of sure conviction, made a sign, mysterious but distinct. But the grave, phlegmatic Judge gave no token of perception, merely going on and on, marshalling the damning facts.

So formidably he marshalled them that a murmur went round the crowded Court that the defence was smashed by that scientific summing-up, and that there was no question as to the verdict, and what would be the extent of the sentence.

At last the monotone ceased; the Judge's eyes were raised for a moment from his notes, and met at last the prisoner's furious gaze. And Brandon Barr was convinced that in that moment the Judge's face, till then impassive, blanched, that his eyes shifted uneasily, that there was a quaver in the voice that said—

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict."

They did so, with commendable promptitude. So direct and overwhelming had been that summing-up, they did not even take the trouble to retire, but huddled together in the box, muttered together in whispers, then settled down in their respective seats. And the foreman, rising in his place, the Clerk of Arraign addressed him—"Gentleman of the jury, how say you? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

The hush of the court intensified, then was broken by the utterance of one vital word—

"Guilty."

Above the rustle among Bar spectators arose a deep breath from the prisoner, and this time his fierce eyes met the Judge's gaze, fairly, squarely—threateningly; and again his hand made, as if casually, but Barr was certain deliberately, that mystic sign.

"Dimitri Diamandi," said the Judge, with no quaver in his voice now, "you have been found guilty, after an exhaustive trial, of the crime with which you stand indicted—namely, with having on the dates stated forged and uttered a cheque for sixty thousand pounds upon the Bank of Athabasca. Of the justice of that verdict there can be no shadow of doubt. And the sentence of this Court is — is — the sentence of this Court—this Court——"

He was gazing full at those glittering, threatening eyes. A gasp was in his throat, and, wrestling with it, he said, in a strained, parched voice, "The sentence of this Court is that you—that you——" The quavering voice died to a whisper, and the Judge sank back in his judicial seat with a groan, and collapsed in a dead faint.

Brandon Barr drove back to 6A, Sackville Street puzzling over that dramatic but unrehearsed scene enacted in that home of tragic melodrama, the Central Criminal Court. "Sudden illness of Mr. Justice Wallingford!" the newsboys were already shouting.

"Nothing phenomenal in that," mused Brandon Barr. "Judges have had seizures on the Bench before now, but that threatening glitter in Diamandi's eyes, that signal with his hands!—I'll swear that pass was a sign. However, his deserts are only deferred, for Wallingford summed up dead against him, and undoubtedly was about to sentence him heavily."

Then he dismissed the subject from his thoughts with that characteristic facility of detachment which, together with his splendid faculty of concentration, had made his fame and fortune. So many real life dramas lay on his table that he had forgotten that thrilling situation in the afternoon. Some two hours of rapid dictation to typists, instructions to other clerks, interviews with important clients, among them a New York multi-millionaire, a foreign potentate, a leading actress, and a Very Rev. Archdeacon, and looking at his watch he was about to slam down his roll-top desk, when the most silent and trusted of his clerks entered and laid a slip before him.

"Sir George Wallingford!" The black eyebrows lifted; the clean-shaved, iron mouth shaped, just suppressed a whistle, "Show him in." And a few minutes later the clients' chair was filled by that eminent light of the Bench, Mr. Justice Wallingford, silver-haired, gold-spectacled, severe and immaculate of garb and grooming, the embodiment of judicial dignity.

So that even Brandon Barr was as nearly surprised as he ever allowed himself to be when the grave, benign, wise-looking ornament of the Bench said, quietly but seriously, "Barr, I'm in a hideous vortex, and I want you to help me out."

Another man might have replied: "You, Judge? Impossible! Good gracious!" or something equally vapid and useless. Brandon Barr simply remarked, in most matter-of-fact tones, "Very well, Sir George. Give me short particulars."

Fearfully I crept back with a lighted candle to that other room opening on to my balcony, and there—I beheld lying prostrate across the floor a woman's form.

"You are of course aware," said the Judge, "that a few years before my elevation to the Bench I was visited with a serious nervous breakdown, the result of the overstrain of my work at the Bar and in Parliament. Aided by a prolonged rest and the best possible medical care, I safely turned one of the most critical corners of my life.

"One effect, however, of my physical and mental overstrain clung to me for some considerable time—namely, a contracted habit of sleep-walking. Night after night, particularly during periods of stress of work following the fighting of an arduous case, or a long and strenuous debate in the House, I would find myself in the library or morning-room, at times even at the hall door, in my sleeping-suit, and I would hurry back to my bed-room with an ever-increasing dread.

"One winter night, after an evening at the chess-table with my old friend, the Bishop of Branchester, I awoke, chilled to the bone, to find myself again in my arm-chair at the chess-table, and with the pieces ranged in the position that had most perplexed me. On other occasions I have awakened in pitch darkness, without the slightest idea for some time of my whereabouts. Of course I consulted my physicians, but even their skill for a while failed to effect a remedy. Sir Robert ordered as frequent as possible changes of air, and I made it a rule to snatch, in addition to my usual vacations, as many week-ends as practicable, the scene as much as possible varying, and where there were no golf-links within reach I indulged in long walks.

"On one of these long tramps I missed my road, and found myself, with darkness and rain simultaneously falling, miles from anywhere. Trudging on for hours, I perceived at last in the distance the twinkling lights of a town, which I judged to be Brindlethorpe, and, pressing onwards, found myself traversing its streets, dog-tired and ravenously hungry, and all the last trains to anywhere for that night gone.

"I cast about me for an hotel, and the best I could find was a 'Family and Commercial,' with for its sign 'The Golden Bell.'

"It was not an inspiring hostelry, but it was a case of Hobson's choice, there being no other in sight and the night growing stormier each minute. Wet to the skin, I entered, ordered a hot bath, some supper, and a room for the night.

"Albeit the hotel was the only one available, it struck me as being hardly a suitable abiding-place for one of his Majesty's Counsel and a Member of Parliament. The landlady, or manageress, too, on her part, seemed to regard me with some suspicion, and, when handing me the key of my room, she asked to what name she should book it. I, impelled by I know not what impulse, bethought myself of my Christian name, and replied—

"'Book it to Mr. George.'"

"Mr. George!" Brandon Barr, with wide-open eyes, echoed the name, and the Judge, with a grey face, said—

"Yes. You have guessed something of what is coming, but not all.

"I was dreadfully tired, and all I remember noting with regard to my bedroom was that it had French windows opening on to a balcony overlooking the main street. I remember, too, being struck by the weird stillness of the place, and, concluding that any other guests there might be in the house had clearly retired, and, finishing the supper I had ordered, I decided to follow their example. Within a few minutes of doing so, very warm and cosy, I was sound asleep.

"Of a sudden I awoke shivering with cold—in the dark! My pyjamas were fluttering around my limbs, my feet were bare. With a thrill of dread I realised that my old malady had asserted itself—that I had got up and walked in my sleep.

"But where, and how far? In a moment it flashed on me how equivocal and embarrassing my position might prove. But I never dreamed how terrible and ghastly it was going immediately to become.

"I fancied I heard a footstep in the dark, and whispered, 'Who's there?' But no answer came save the howling of the wind and the rattle of rain on the window.

"A French window, too, and the sound of the driving rain, so that for a moment I wondered was I in my own room? Then I became conscious that I was clutching something in my right hand, something metallic, and I wondered what new somnambulistic freak I had now been up to. I made my way to the window, and stumbled over something. Groping down, to my horror I touched—a human form—a face—a head—with long hair! A woman's head.

"Paralysed, and with a strange dread, I staggered to the window, threw it open, and with the deluge of rain swept in by the howling wind there streamed the fitful light from a street-lamp below, revealing for certain that I had wandered into another room than my own.

"And that fitful light showed something else—for reflecting on the something glittering in my hand, it revealed to my reeling brain—a blade of steel!

"*Of wet steel!*

"Sick and faint with vague horror, praying that it might all be the creation of a nightmare, I staggered out on the balcony and back to my own room. I struck a light, and my worst fears were confirmed—the poniard in my hand was crimsoned.

"Fearfully I crept back with a lighted candle to that other room opening on to my balcony, and there—I beheld, lying prostrate across the floor, a woman's form, with around her a ghastly pool made by two still trickling streams from two dull red stains in her bodice.

"I looked down on the closed lids, touched the ice-cold brow, called to her. But there was no answer. She was dead!

"Dead! The woman was lying at my feet when I had awakened to find myself clutching a bloodstained weapon. What was the inference? What would be the inference of any reasonable being—the verdict of any twelve good men and true in a box?

"There was nothing in this world to be done for her, poor soul. Do you wonder, then, that in such a position I concentrated all my thoughts on one question—What could I do for myself?

"Long years of legal training told me that I stood, upon the evidence, convicted

of having struck that woman's death-blow. Press, public, and jury might or might not accept my explanation as to non-volition, unconsciousness, and so on. I could not deny, even to myself, the damning evidence of that blood-red knife and the dead woman at my feet. In the panic of an enthralling, brain-paralysing horror I could only devise, could only carry out one plan.

"I crept back to my room, scrambled on my clothes, wet as they were, and stole out into the deluge of the still stormy night.

"A tramp across country through that awful night, and in the morning of the dreariest day that ever dawned for me I crept, drenched and shivering, into a remote country station and took the first train for town. Arrived in London, I repaired to my chambers in Plowden Buildings, Temple, and almost collapsing with the horror of my adventure and the awful situation, went straight to bed, where I remained throughout that day and the next. Upon the third I went out into my world, to find it surging with the news of the mysterious murder at the Golden Bell at Brindlethorpe.

"The victim transpired to be a certain Adelaide Benyon, of somewhat Bohemian antecedents, who was lodging at the Golden Bell pending her week's engagement at the Brindlethorpe music-hall as a serio-comic singer and dancer."

The Judge paused, exhausted by the awful strain of relating and recalling those dread dark hours. Barr, crossing to a cabinet, mixed him a stiff brandy-and-soda.

"Now comes the second part of an ordeal that has darkened and, doubtless, will shorten my life," the Judge went on. "One result of that awful experience was to prostrate me for weeks with a severe attack of ague. When I recovered from this the Golden Bell tragedy was a nine days' wonder—though the police were searching high and low for 'Mr. George.' For a time I debated with myself as to whether or not I should surrender myself to the authorities and make a clean breast of the affair. Yes, Barr, that nod of yours means that would have been the proper course. But remember, whatever my action, there was no guilt upon my soul. Whatever harm I had done had been wrought unconsciously. Of malice or intent I was as innocent as the unborn babe. Rightly or wrongly I held my tongue, and the Golden Bell tragedy drifted into the category of unsolved murder mysteries.

"Then came my elevation to the Bench, not only my own party but generous political opponents considering that the continued strain of my political and professional work was telling upon me, and little guessing the secret horror that was blanching my hair and writing deep lines in my features.

"Raised to the dignity of Judgeship, I strove with all my might to live down the memory of that awful night.

"And, stimulated by consciousness of no evil intent, I might have succeeded, but for what happened. One morning I received this." And Brandon Barr, taking the letter handed him by the Judge, read as follows—

"Rowton House, Hammersmith.

"The writer has recognised in the portrait of Mr. Justice Wallingford, appearing in this week's *Sketch*, the individual who crept out of Adelaide Benyon's bedroom on the 11th of March last, leaving her foully murdered, and who escaped from that hotel an hour before daylight. He desires to know the Judge's price for his silence, and will await his Lordship by the Temple fountain this evening at eight o'clock."

"That night, after dinner, leaving the Middle Temple Hall, I repaired to the pleasant fountain where Ruth Pinch and John Westlock lingered, that pleasant corner of Arcadia dumped down in prosaic London town; and, surely enough, I found there a loafer of the Rowton House type. He saluted me, and went straight to business with direct and cool effrontery. In answer to my inquiries as to himself, he declined to give any information, except that he and others, whom he could produce, had watched me emerging from Adelaide Benyon's room, bearing the weapon of her deathblow. I kept my head, and asked coolly why he and they had not given evidence at the inquest.

"'That 's my business,' he said brusquely.

"I was desperate, and I did a foolish thing. I temporised—negotiated. Took the man up to the chambers I still occupied, and I bought his silence for a hundred pounds—cash down—on account, and the promise of a like sum once a month so long as I should live."

"I think," said Barr, "you did what nine men out of ten in the circumstances would have done."

Sir George went on to detail the blackmailer's increasing audacity and extortion. How this worthless, callous, professional rascal coiled and closed his toils around the great lawyer and eminent Judge. For the thousandth time one reflection filled the brain of Brandon Barr. How human was the lawyer when neither Judge nor advocate, but party to legal proceedings, particularly on the criminal side!

"Tell me, Judge," he said, toying with his gold pencil-case, the gift of Lady Daryll after the big slander case, "what was this man's story? How, when and where did he profess to have seen you *in flagranti delicto?*

"On that point," said the Judge, "he was reticent, relying for proof of his story on furnished details of my movements. Needless to say, the price of his silence increased, and the very fact of each payment being wrung from me strengthened his hold on me. I myself have warned countless of the blackmailed that this always happens," he added with a grim chuckle that ended in a groan. "Then came the news of his arrest on a charge of forgery; then a series of outrageous threats that, unless I used my influence and wealth to, by all and any means, thwart the prosecution, I should be denounced and brought to justice as the Golden Bell murderer. Then I put my back to the wall. No threat on earth should coerce me to betray my King and country as a Judge. I ignored the appeals and the threats that reached me day by day. I ignored the signs Diamandi made to me—the signs that he had codified in his violent letters to me."

"The signs? Ah! I remember," said Barr. "I remember wondering if your Lordship and the prisoner were members of some secret society. Such coincidences, you are aware, are not unknown."

The Judge, remembering the burglar who took his time from a learned brother, smiled.

"No," he said; "it was simply this. Diamandi wrote in one letter: 'I hear you are to try my case. Well, I shall make a pass prior to your summing-up by locking my thumbs. This will indicate that, unless you sum-up for an acquittal, I shall, before leaving the dock, shout aloud what will bring you to it.' In another letter, he said: 'Should you be mad enough to sentence me, I shall raise my right hand prior to denouncing you as a murderer—the murderer of Adelaide Benyon at the Golden Bell.' So, my dear Barr, you know my story. I felt compelled to confide it to some member of the profession. I could think of none abler to advise me than you. Now you know the story, it is for you to advise me. To-morrow this fellow Diamandi will come up again for the sentence deferred by my sudden seizure to-day—a seizure which now you will the better understand. I shall follow your counsel, even if it entails my surrendering myself and making a full confession."

Brandon Barr arose, and, as was his habit when grappling with an especially knotty problem, paced the room with long, silent strides, his head sunk on his chest, his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes.

"Judge, Judge," he said at length, "why did you not consult me earlier?"

"But you can help me?"

"I must not promise too much. Needless to state, I will do my best. Now, Judge, go to the Athenæum and have a quiet hour or two at bridge to soothe your nerves, and don't walk in your sleep to-night."

"My dear fellow," said the Judge, shaking his hand, "one strange result of the terrible night at the Golden Bell was to cure me of somnambulism. Good-night."

Left alone, Brandon Barr took from a pigeon-hole the papers connected with Rex v. Dimitri Diamandi, and applied himself for half-an-hour to their consideration; then he arose and unlocked what seemed a cupboard, but was, in fact, a special wardrobe.

A strange wardrobe was hanging within it, a variety of garbs and head-gear, strangely different from the immaculate frock-coat and silk-hat attire associated by his clients with their trusted adviser. Reefer jackets, corduroy trousers tied at the ankles, fur caps, bowlers, sombreros, cloaks, and other garments hung within, and from the store Barr selected a long tweed ulster and a hat of like material. His monocle he replaced with a pair of smoked spectacles. Then, letting himself out by a side door, he made his way on foot across Regent Street to Soho, stopping at length at a dingy house in Dean Street, inquired of a dingy "general" for Mme. Karopolis, and was ushered into a dingy reception-room. A moment later a flabby, almost slovenly woman, with traces of having once been a "fine" one, entered hastily, a newspaper in her hand.

"I am glad you are here," she said. "I have been reading all that happened to-day. Do you think he is quite secured?"

"Absolutely. The Judge clearly intends to send him to penal servitude," said Barr.

"It is his own fault, he has only himself to blame," she cried, as though defying an accuser. "He cheated me of all my money, my good name, my happiness—or I would never have said a word."

"And, after all, you might have said so much more," replied Barr, the smoked spectacles fixed on her face.

Pale and trembling she asked—

"What do you mean?" He shrugged his shoulders, lighting a black cigar.

"You have declared that your life is safe so long as prison walls hold that man fast. Why not take care they hold him faster—and longer?"

"Who are you? What are you?" she demanded, with agitation. "That you are a spy I know, yet not a police spy. You pay too well and you are too shrewd; but what is your game?"

Then Barr shot an arrow in the dark.

"I want you to tell all Diamandi's share in the murder at the Golden Bell at Brindlethorpe," he said. And he knew his shaft had sped home. Mme. Karopolis all but collapsed.

"His share? It was all his work," she gasped. "I mean I had no hand in it. I would not, though he swore it was only to marry me he wanted to be free. But no, no, no! Even to the last I pleaded for her."

"And when the sleep-walker came?" Barr hazarded another shot in the dark, and again the arrow hit its mark.

"Ah! then," screamed Mme. Karopolis, "he has confessed. He has lied, and tried to throw the blame on me. But I swear he dealt the blow. All I did was, when the man in his sleep walked into the room where Dimitri had struck her down, to place the red knife in the sleeper's hand, to save Dimitri."

"Just as I thought." The words escaped Barr in a whisper; and the woman sprang up, screaming—

"What have I done? I have betrayed the man I love even more than I fear him; have given him over to worse than prison—to the gallows.

She clutched at a strong ornament securing the heavy coils of her hair. But a grip of steel seized her wrist and stayed the weapon of steel.

"Beware!" whispered Brandon Barr, "lest, in default of standing in the witness-box against him, you stand in the dock beside him—beside the man who would have sacrificed you as he sacrificed her—yes, and who was planning to do so with yet another woman. See, here is her picture."

"The traitress Floria!" hissed the Karopolis woman. "Good! Then treachery shall checkmate treachery."

Next morning Mr. Justice Wallingford nerved himself to his dread ordeal. He had heard no word from Brandon Barr, and, implicit as was his faith in that man of resource, he reflected that, after all, he was only human.

But the old instinct obtained. His duty lay ahead of him, and he marched straight towards it, let come what might.

The crowded court arose as he entered in his scarlet gown and full-bottomed wig. Dimitri stepped up into the dock and faced his Judge with a defiance which made all present marvel.

But that Judge met his insolent gaze with one so dignified and steadfast that the glittering, basilisk-like gaze faltered, and a white pallor overspread the convicted forger's features.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, "I will now——"

But Counsel for the Treasury, springing to his feet, said, "If your Lordship pleases, I ask that sentence on this prisoner be still further deferred, and that his case be put back until the next Assizes, pending the investigation of a still graver charge—namely, that of the murder of Adelaide Benyon at the Golden Bell at Brindlethorpe."

It was as though a mighty wind swept through the crowded Court. Brandon Barr, imperturbable as ever, watched the Judge sitting bolt upright as though petrified, and the prisoner clutching the dock rail to prevent himself from falling.

"Upon what do you base this charge?" the Judge asked, in a voice as of one who dreams.

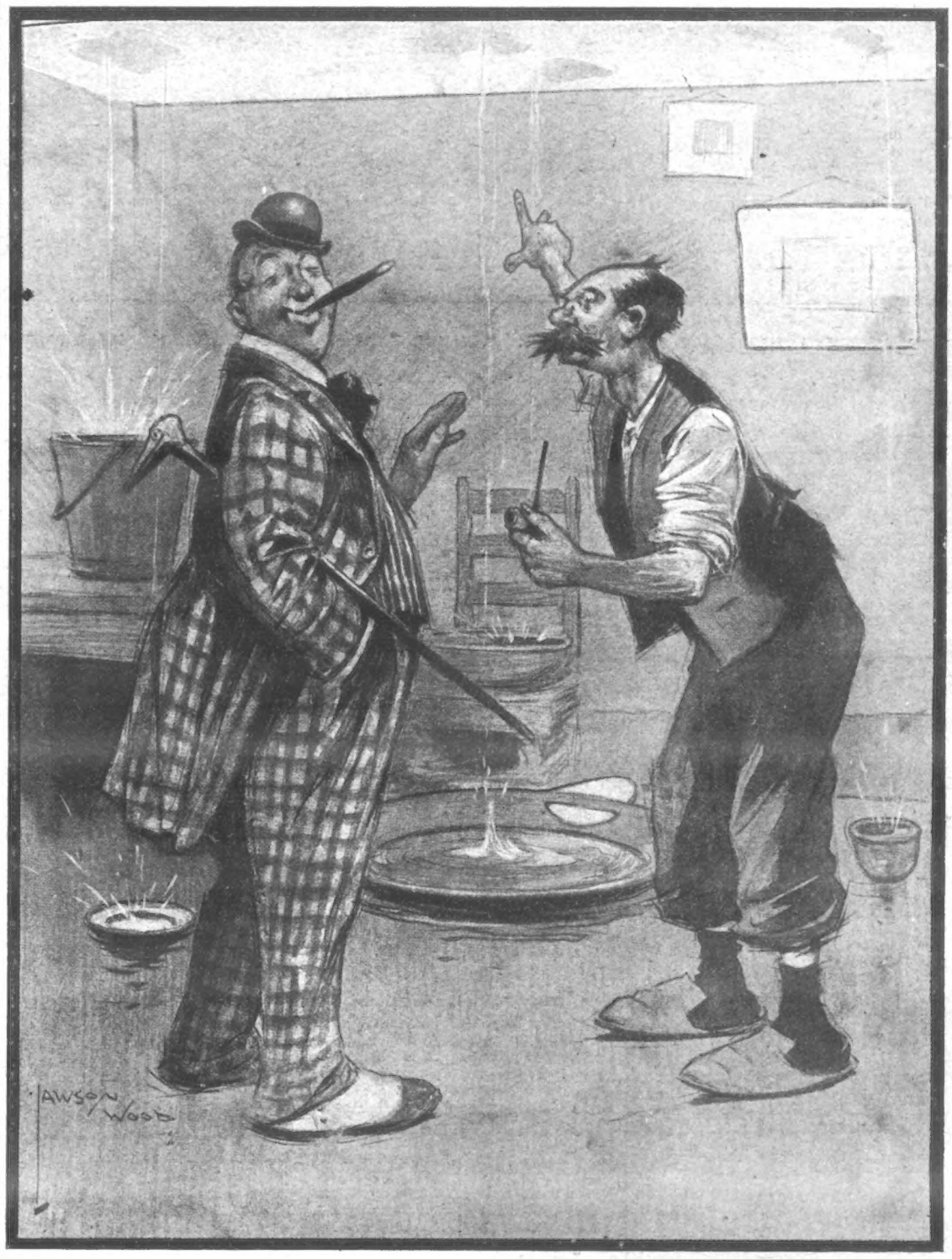
"On the sworn information of Eudoxia Karapolis," Counsel replied.

Amid the deadly hush a woman's scream rang from the gallery, and the prisoner crashed down in the dock in a swoon.

The subsequent trial of Dimitri Diamandi on the capital charge is duly recorded in the annals of great crimes. Madame Karopolis avoided being charged as accessory before and after the act by coming forward as King's evidence. The most dramatic episode in the memorable trial was the appearance of Mr. Justice Wallingford in the witness-box, and the telling of the story of his dread experience, and his terrible subsequent ordeal.

Public sympathy went out to him unreservedly, but the strain was such that he immediately afterwards obtained his Sovereign's leave to retire from the Bench to devote the remainder of his life to a benignant retirement occupied by works of literature and philanthropy.

Dimitri Diamandi suffered the dread penalty of his crime, making the only atonement to his world in his power—a full confession of the tracking-down and slaying of the woman passing by the name of Adelaide Benyon, who was no other than his wedded wife and the obstacle to his desperate plan of criminal campaign.



THE RAINY SEASON HAS SET IN.

THE TOP-FLOOR TENANT: Look here, the roof leaks horribly.
THE LANDLORD: Nonsense, my dear Sir; impossible! Why, none of the tenants on the other floors have said a word about it.

THE RECORD LEAGUE CROWD OF 70,000 AT CHELSEA.

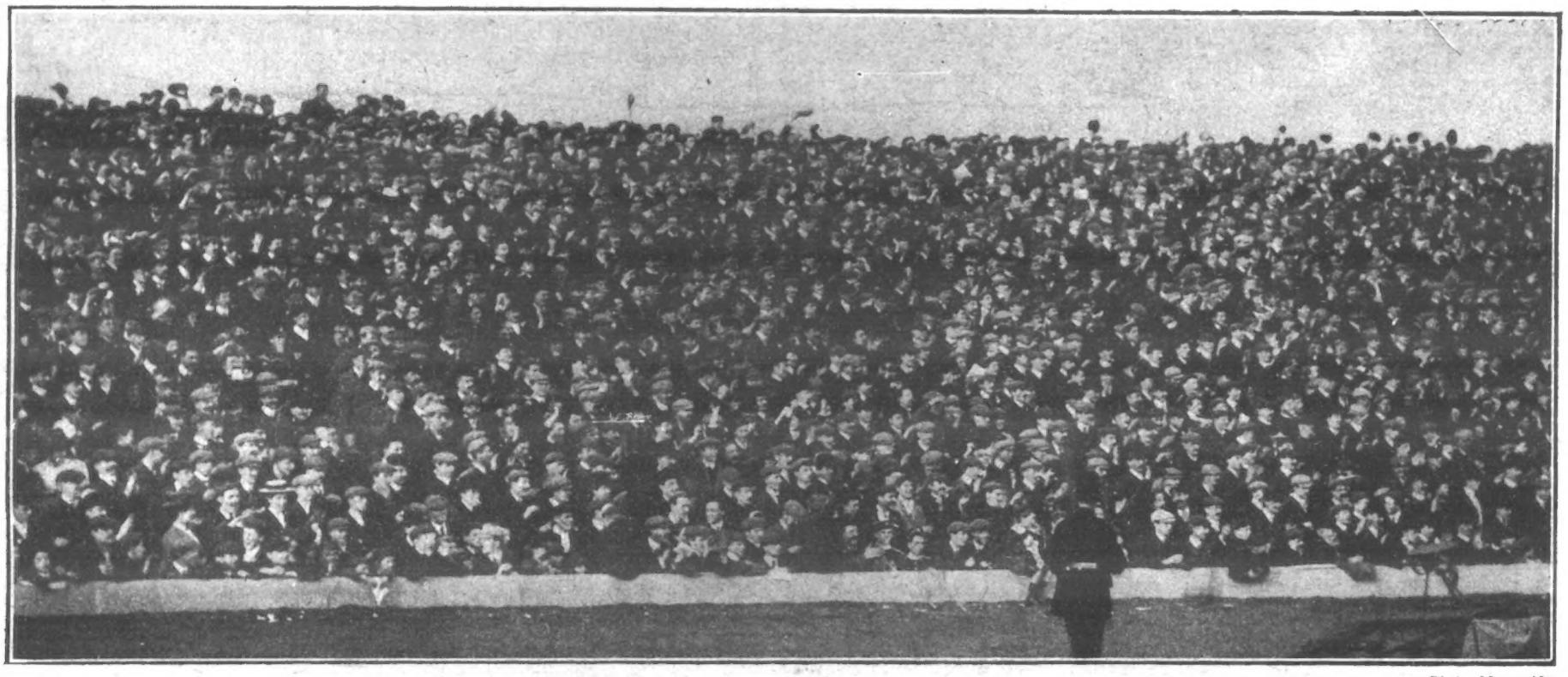


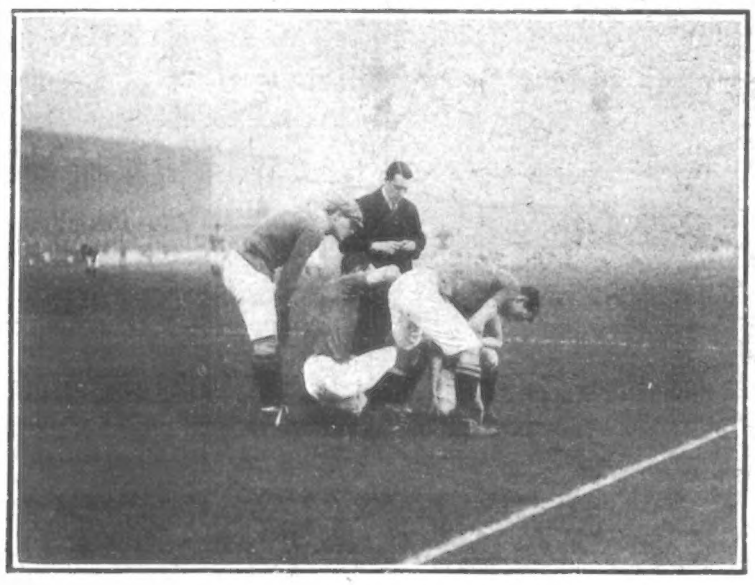
Photo. Muggeridge.

THE RECORD CROWD CHEERING THE FIRST CHELSEA GOAL. CHELSEA BEAT WOOLWICH ARSENAL BY THE ODD GOAL IN THREE.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

QUITE the most interesting match in a heavy list last Saturday was that between Chelsea and Woolwich Arsenal at Stamford Bridge. It aroused almost as much enthusiasm as a final tie of the English Cup, and some 70,000 people were crowded into the Chelsea club's spacious enclosure—a record for First League football. Of course, the Arsenal were favourites, but there was a "sneaking regard" for the home side on account of the fact that they were supposed to be placed on the highest trial of their yet youthful career.



CHELSEA v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
A Chelsea man hurt.

The fact that it was the initial match between two London clubs in the First Division of the League lent additional interest to the encounter. Chelsea won, and their victory by two goals to one was very popular, but it was unfortunate that Sharp, the famous Woolwich full-back, should have given away one of the goals that were scored against his side.

Notts Forest were at home to Sunderland, and the local team were able to claim a very easy victory by four goals to one. Sheffield United and Sheffield Wednesday met on the former's ground at Bramall Lane, and as was only to be expected, the two close neighbours played a determined game to obtain the mastery. The Wednesday players showed the better form, and the points went to them by virtue of a win by three to one.

There was a big gathering at St. James's Park, Newcastle, to witness the game between the League champions and the Bolton Wanderers. The United were the cleverer side, and well merited their decisive win of three clear goals. Aston Villa and Manchester City were engaged at Aston, a portion of the receipts being set apart for the benefit of Alec Leake. The celebrated half-back was also the recipient of a handsome silver shield, the presentation being made by Mr. W. McGregor, the "Father of the League," on behalf of the home club's directors. The result of the match was a draw of two goals each.

There was a rare tussle between Manchester United and Everton. The weather was wet, but, that notwithstanding, the attendance reached quite 30,000. It was a good game, and the United won by the odd goal in seven. Notts County were very badly beaten by Liverpool at Anfield, the latter scoring no less than six goals without a response. Of the other matches in the First Division, Bury beat Preston North End by five goals to one, Blackburn Rovers had a goal the better of Birmingham, and Bristol City beat Middlesbrough by two goals to nil.

Clapton Orient scored their record victory in Second League matches by beating Chesterfield, at Homerton, by five goals to one; but Fulham did very badly in their match with Wolverhampton Wanderers, the latter winning, on their own ground, by two goals to nil. It was a big set-back for the "Cottagers," and they will have to make a very great effort if they are to become the third London club to enter the First Division of the League.

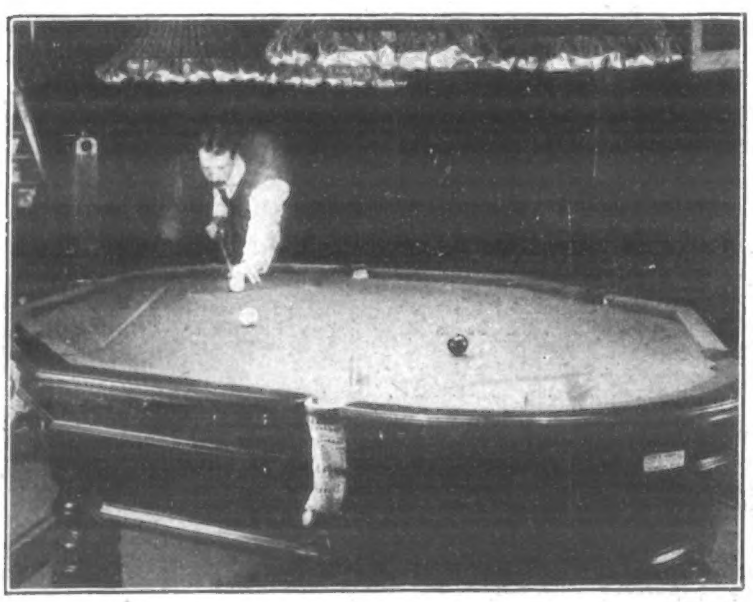
The Southern League matches furnished an interesting series, and in every case there was little between the contending clubs. There were three draws, these being between Leyton and Plymouth Argyle—who both scored once—Brentford and Queen's Park Rangers—who had a similar result—and Bradford Park Avenue and Swindon, both the latter clubs being credited with two goals.

The Crystal Palace accomplished a capital performance by beating Portsmouth away from home, though they only had a goal the best of it. Reading had Southampton for opponents at Elm Park, and they beat the "Saints" by two goals to one, whilst Bristol Rovers had one goal the best of West Ham United. Tottenham Hotspur beat Millwall at North Greenwich by two to one; Brighton and Hove Albion were a goal better than Luton; Watford were too good for Northampton to the extent of two goals to one; and the same score resulted from the meeting of New Brompton and Norwich City, the latter club winning.

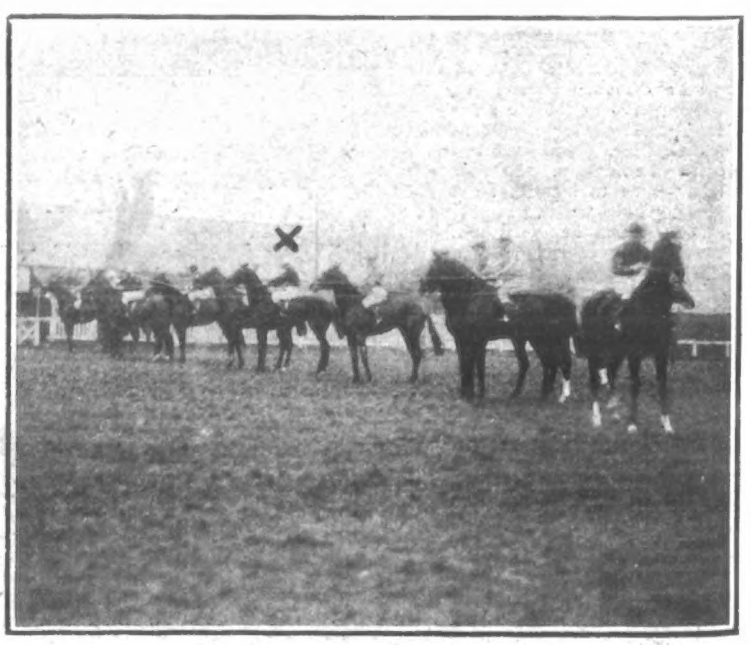
In Rugby circles Blackheath came a very bad "cropper" to Cambridge University, the Light Blues winning very easily by six goals (two dropped) and two tries (34 points) to a penalty goal and a try (6 points). Some excuse may be found for "The Club" from the fact that their captain, H. Mainprice, was "crocked" in the first half, and took no part in the second moiety.

CHELSEA v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
The Arsenal hard pressed in front of goal.

It was a much better game between Oxford University and Harlequins, the Dark Blues just winning by 12 points



ANOTHER BILLIARD NOVELTY.
Lovejoy playing on the new Ovalex table. It will be seen that there are both curved and straight cushions on the new table.



THE START FOR THE LIVERPOOL CUP.
The race was won by Mr. J. B. Joel's Menu, ridden by Randall. The starting-price was returned as 25 to 1

to 11. London Scottish easily defeated Richmond, the former club scoring one goal and 6 tries (23 points), to nil. The New Zealanders met with their first defeat of their tour in their Northern Union match with Wigan. The game aroused great interest, some 25,000 people being present. The Lancastrians were in capital form, and they won by 4 tries (12 points) to one goal and 2 tries (8 points).

BILLIARDS.

Charles Dawson is showing fine form this season, and again is running up mammoth scores with apparent ease. What a pity it is that Stevenson is on a "world's tour"! Last Saturday Dawson ended his game with Aiken at Leicester Square by winning easily, and he began his heat on Monday in the big tournament at Soho Square in the most promising style. J. Collens, a newcomer practically, beat Lovejoy by 322—more than the points he was conceded, so that we may hear more of him in the near future.

A new "freak" table has been invented by Lovejoy and Mr. E. Carpenter—the latter the right-hand man of Messrs. Cox and Yeman—but whether it will "catch on" cannot yet be said. It is styled the "Ovalex," the ends being curved like the oval table, while there are six "flat" portions of the cushion. The dreadfully perplexing angles of the oval table are to an extent obviated, and, maybe, the latest invention will "go."

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The National Cross-Country Union had a meeting at the Manchester Hotel last Saturday, the president, Mr. Albert J. Eggleston, J.P., being in the chair. The principal subject for discussion was a proposed alteration in Rule 8, dealing with the qualification of competitors in the championships. The Northern delegates objected to a too drastic step being taken as to the distance of the residence of competitors from the headquarters of their clubs, and, after a good deal of talk, the Northerners met with a qualified amount of success.

Nothing definite was decided, other than to request the Amateur Athletic Association to go into the matter, and it is to be hoped that a settlement satisfactory to all parties, and, in the best interests of the sport, will be arrived at.

Cambridge University had their first trial race, meeting Blackheath over an eight miles' course, the Light Blues winning by 23 points to 32 points. A. H. Pearson (Queens) was first man home. The Dark Blues entertained the South London Harriers, and, like their friends of Blackheath, they too were beaten, the margin in favour of Oxford University being 20 points to 35. The Londoners had first man home, this being F. A. Knott, who scored after a capital race with Worsley (Magdalen).

The Richmond Harriers' three-miles handicap was won by W. A. Pascall Clark, who was on the scratch mark, and got the distance in the excellent time of 21 minutes. The Shaftesbury and Borough Polytechnic Harriers had an inter-club race at Highgate, the former winning by 18 points to 49.

SNAPSHOTS OF SPORTS.

LACROSSE: SURREY v. KENT.
A good save by Surrey's goalkeeper. Kent won by 10 goals to 3.

HOCKEY AT BECKENHAM: KENT v. MIDDLESEX. THE OPENING BULLY OFF.

RUGBY FOOTBALL: CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY DEFEAT BLACKHEATH BY 34 POINTS TO 6.

NEVER NEGLECT OBESITY.

It is a Real Danger,

But may be easily and Permanently Banished.

With the famous Antipon treatment within the reach of modest purses, it is a singular thing so many men and women should voluntarily remain victims of obesity, which is not only a wearisome burden, but a harbinger of disease. The unnatural condition should never be neglected if one desires to live the full span of years that is the due of healthful living. Fatty degeneration of the heart may at any time have a fatal result, the muscles of that organ being flabby with excessive fatty matter, and therefore unable to perform their life-sustaining functions in proper measure. The liver and kidney are also impeded in their natural work, and many are the complaints which are traceable to this cause of sluggish action. Antipon, the harmless tonic fat-absorbent, which has earned world-wide fame, very soon disperses all the unwholesome superabundance of fatty matter, and leaves the organs free to do their vital work in Nature's way. Gout, rheumatism, asthma, and other diseases, too frequently keep company with obesity, but when the weight is reduced to normal, and the tendency to excessive fatness suppressed permanently by a course of the Antipon treatment, the evil symptoms of other disorders as rapidly disappear. The writer knows of a case in point. A man, very corpulent, who had suffered for a considerable length of time from both gout and asthma, was, and is, no longer troubled with the tortures of acute asthma, after reducing his weight to natural proportions, while the gouty tendency only causes him a slight twinge now and again. The Antipon Company have been the recipients of over a thousand voluntary testimonials relating to cures quite as marvellous, many writers being particularly grateful for the improvement in their digestive powers effected by Antipon. The original letters are kept for inspection at the offices of the Antipon Company. Could anyone doubt such convincing testimony?

The Antipon treatment is eminently scientific and rational. Life can only be supported by wholesome nourishment. Antipon, being a splendid tonic, creates the appetite for that wholesome nourishment and perfects the digestive powers. Antipon, being a rapid fat-absorbent, *and a destroyer of the tendency to grow unduly fat*, requires the help of good food in order to increase muscular strength and repair the nervous energies during and after the process of fat reduction. That is why the Antipon treatment is so successful in every case, and why it is fundamentally different from all old-time methods of fat-reduction which mostly relied on starvation food restrictions and dangerous drugs. They, however, never eradicated the tendency to overstoutness unless they seriously impaired health to the extent of undermining the constitution. How different from the Antipon treatment, which brings health, strength, and vitality in its train, as well as beauty of form and renewed muscular development. It is veritably a new lease of life, and a permit of enjoyment of all the good things that make life pleasurable—beauty, physical and mental energy, grace of movement, and a splendid appetite for the rational pleasures of the table.

The reduction of weight is apparent within a day and a night—from 8 oz. to 3 lb., according to individual conditions. After this, there is a daily decrease until normal weight and symmetry are restored, when the course may be discontinued. Antipon is absolutely harmless, and pleasant to take.

"The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," says—

> "I must say a good word for the Antipon cure of obesity, which I have reason to know has come off satisfactorily in a long-standing case. The advantage of this system is that it asks nothing in the way of sacrifice from the patient. Of irksome dietary restrictions there are none."

The "Illustrated London News," in its issue of October 12, says—

> "Hosts of stout people who have tried all kinds of disagreeable semi-starvation methods of fat-reduction are despairing of ever again attaining normal proportions. Let them abandon once and for all such dangerous and debilitating systems and try Antipon, the tonic muscle-strengthening cure for over-fatness. Antipon lastingly eliminates from the system all superfluous fat, and destroys the tendency to fat-formation."

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) carriage paid, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

TRAGIC DEATH OF LORD CHESHAM IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

A SAD tragedy of the hunting field took place last Saturday, Lord Chesham being killed by a fall from his horse while hunting with the Pytchley Hounds near Northampton.

Lord Chesham was hunting from Boughton Hall, which he had taken for the season. At the time of the accident the hounds were in full cry, and the followers had settled down to what promised to be a very exhilarating run.

They were crossing a wheatfield near Daventry reservoir at a rapid rate. The Master, Lord Annaly, was in front, closely followed by several others, among whom was Lord Chesham, mounted on a powerful bay horse.

On reaching the end of the field, Lord Chesham's horse, in attempting to jump the fence, put its foot into a blind ditch and stumbled. The sudden jerk threw Lord Chesham out of the saddle, and, turning almost a complete somersault, he fell on his head.

His Lordship was a heavily built man, standing over six feet and weighing over fourteen stone. He fell with all his weight on his head and broke his neck. Death must have been instantaneous.

The disaster was witnessed by Colonel Gordon Renton. He shouted for assistance, and in a moment the hunt was stopped, and the followers, led by the Master, galloped to the spot. Motor-cars were despatched to Daventry, two miles away, for doctors, but on arriving they could only pronounce life extinct.

Lady Chesham Ill.

Lord Annaly at once ordered the removal of the body to his home, Holdenby House. The painful duty was carried out by Captain Beatty and Mr. Adamthwaite in the Hon. Ivor Guest's motor-car.

At the time of the accident Lady Chesham was lying ill at Boughton Hall, suffering from a severe nervous breakdown. The terrible news was broken to her by the family doctor, Surgeon-Major Vint, who is staying at the house. The Hon. John Compton Cavendish, Lord Chesham's son, who succeeds to the title, a boy of thirteen at Eton College, and the Hon. Mrs. Manningham-Buller, Lord Chesham's daughter, were sent for, and both arrived late on Saturday night.

The tragic death of Lord Chesham is the third terrible bereavement which has befallen Lady Chesham. A few years ago her little daughter was killed by her pony bolting, while her eldest son, an officer in the Hussars, was killed in the South African war at the early age of twenty-two.

The Founder of the Yeomanry.

Lord Chesham entered the Army at the age of twenty, and held commissions successively in the Coldstream Guards, 10th Hussars, and the 16th Lancers. He retired in 1879, but the outbreak of the Boer War roused all his old enthusiasm. Volunteering for service, he practically founded the Imperial Yeomanry, which force he commanded through the war with the utmost efficiency and courage.

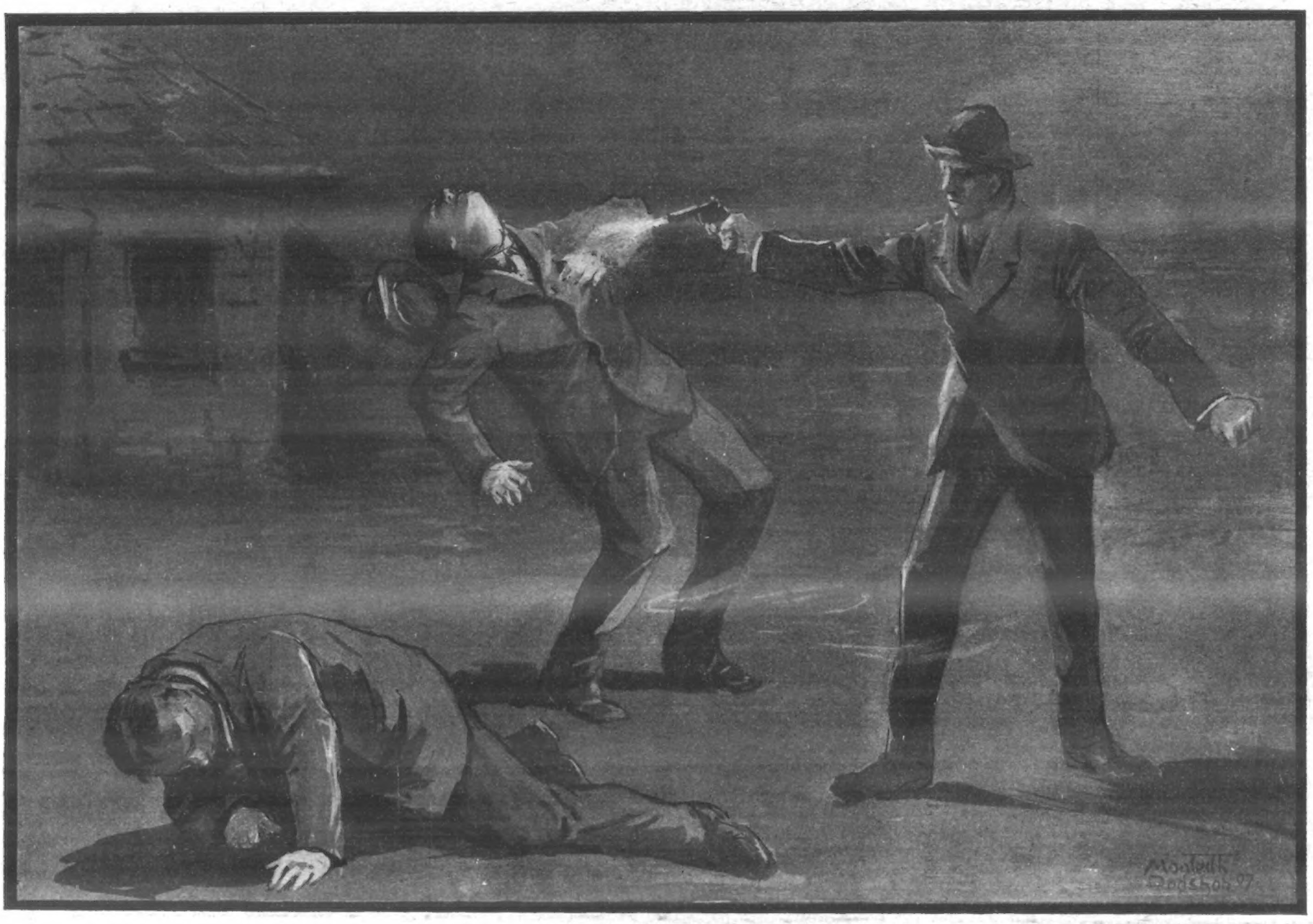
Lord Chesham owned, besides a London estate, 11,500 acres in various counties, including one acre in Sussex, three in North Hants, 4000 in Hunts, over 2000 in Lancashire, and 3000 in Bucks, the total rent-roll amounting to some £16,000 per annum.

Photo. Russell.

A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF LORD CHESHAM AND HIS FAMILY

The boy on his left (his thirteen-year-old son) is the new Lord Chesham.

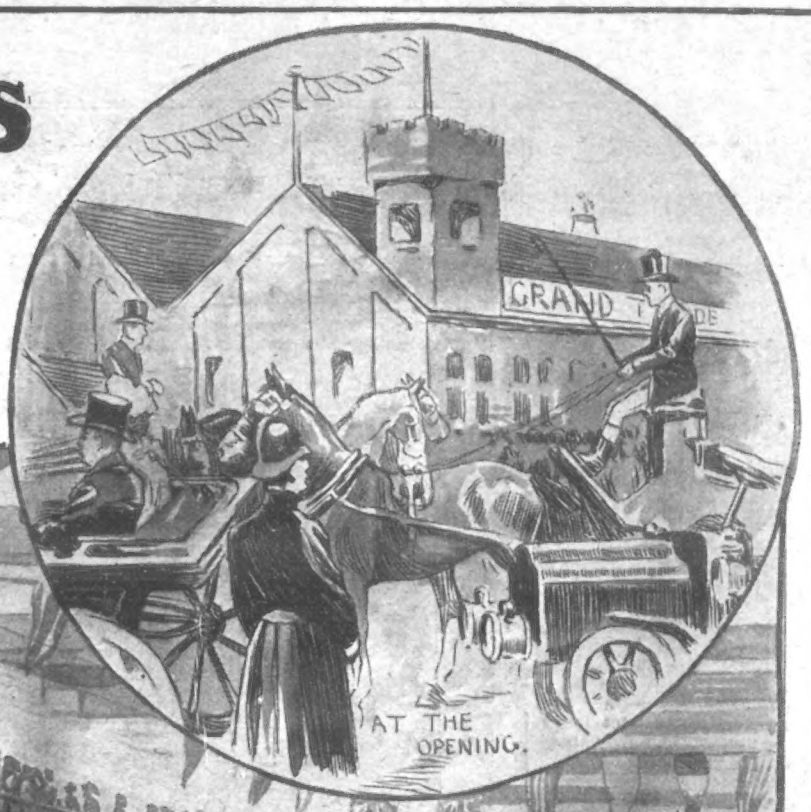
"Truth Seeks No Corner."—There is no better Cough Medicine than Keating's Lozenges.—One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold everywhere in 1¾d. tins.—[Advt.]



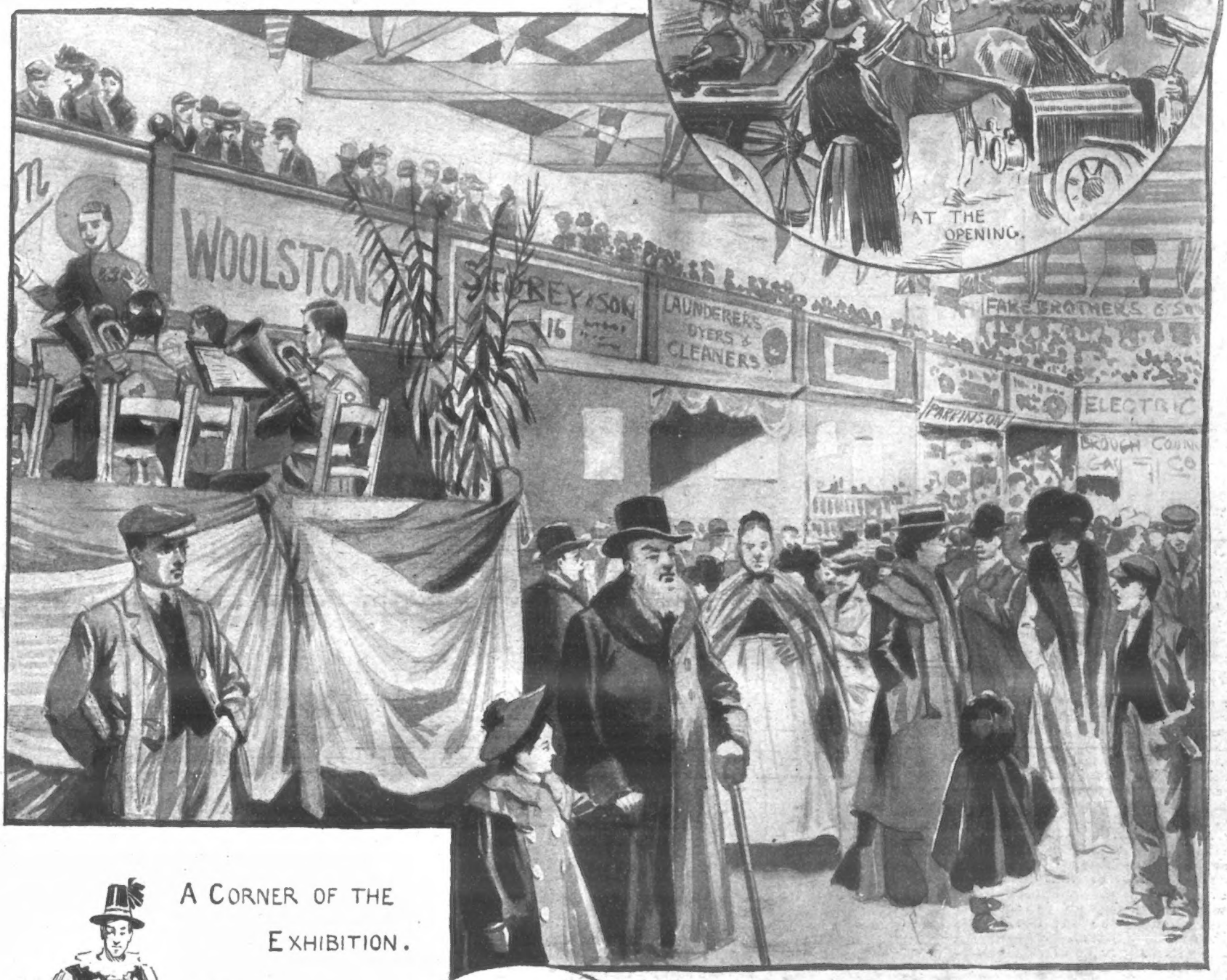
THE FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY AT LIMERICK.

Last Saturday evening, at five o'clock, a man named John Carroll, until a year ago in business as a coachbuilder, called at a coachbuilding workshop owned by Michael Reidy and his stepson, William Whitehead. Both men were present, and a young assistant named Charlie Cassels was standing near. Carroll had received payment for a pair of car-springs sold to Reidy, and, on being told that another pair in question would not be purchased, he whipped out a revolver and fired at Whitehead. The bullet passed right through the unfortunate man's heart, and he died in a few minutes. Carroll then turned on Reidy, who fled into an adjoining shop and banged the door, holding it desperately against the murderer. Carroll forced the door and fired three shots in quick succession at the hunted man. The third shot took effect, and Reidy died in hospital three hours later from a wound in the abdomen. The news of the tragedy soon spread, and by the time a large force of policemen had surrounded Carroll's house, thousands of people had collected in the street. For some hours the police were held at bay, and Carroll shouted through the window that he would shoot any policeman who tried to arrest him, and would keep a last cartridge for himself. For some time the police made no further move, and at two o'clock in the morning Carroll surrendered himself. He was found to have shot himself in the abdomen and to have cut his throat. He died in hospital on Sunday morning.

THE TRADES AND ARTS EXHIBITION AT MIDDLESBROUGH.



AT THE OPENING.



A CORNER OF THE EXHIBITION.

THE MAYOR.

IN THE INDIAN THEATRE.

MARIEDL, THE TYROLEAN GIANTESS.

H. Montagu Love. MIDDLESBROUGH 1907

This Exhibition, which is being held during the present month, is drawing "crowded houses" to the Artillery Drill Hall, where it is taking place. It has been organised by the Mayor of the Borough, Councillor W. G. Roberts, and is under the immediate patronage of the majority of the most influential men in Yorkshire. Its importance as an incentive to trade cannot be exaggerated, and as many of the exhibitors are devoting a large percentage of their takings to charitable institutions its benefit locally cannot be over-estimated.

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Not a Second Time.

A YOUTH applied for a situation to a large employer of labour, and was courteously refused. Leaving the office, he noticed a pin on the floor, and, stooping down, picked it up and stuck it in his waistcoat. The employer noticed the action, and called after him to come back.

"You're a careful sort of young fellow," said the employer; "come back next Monday, and I'll find you a post."

He told his good fortune to his friends and one of them, also on the look-out for a situation, tried the same plan.

Going to another office, he, on entering, took the precaution to drop a few pins on the floor, when nobody was looking. Being told that there was no vacancy, he turned away, and, affecting to discover the pins, he stooped to pick them up.

But the second employer was a man of a different stamp.

"Here, John," he yelled to the door-attendant, "see this young man off the premises. A boy that will steal pins will do anything!"—*Chums*.

Quite Ready.

The manager of a well-known touring company wired to the proprietor of a theatre in a small town, where his company was to appear—

"Would like to hold a rehearsal at your theatre at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Have your stage-manager, stage-carpenter, assistant stage-carpenter, property-man, chief electrician, and all stage hands present, promptly at that hour."

Three hours later he received the following reply—

"All right. He will be there."—*Penny Magazine*.

What Did She Mean?

They were out for a walk together one evening, when it suddenly turned very cold.

She: "Oh, my fingers are so cold!"

He: "Well, why didn't you bring a muff?"

She: "I did!"

He has been considering ever since if her remark had any reference to himself.

Too Suggestive.

The secretary of a northern football club publishes a weekly team-sheet, whereon the faces of the players chosen are boldly printed above their illustrious names.

Noticing that her husband's name was recorded on this sheet with a blank space above it where a portrait should be, the wife of one of the footballers indignantly asked the secretary the reason of it.

"Aint he good-lookin' enough to have his face printed with the rest?" she queried.

"Quite, Madam, but we do not possess a photograph of him; that is all," the secretary answered.

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" the player's wife said. "Well, hang me if I don't pack my Bill off to be taken this very day. I'm not goin' to have it said that that big space wi' nowt inside it represents my husband's head. It looks suggestive, to say the least of it."

And the local photographer had another job that afternoon.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

Through a Loophole.

The family were at dinner.

"Well, how are you getting on with your French, my son?" asked the father of his eldest son.

"Very well, thank you, father," the boy replied.

The father beamed with pleasure.

"Ask politely in French for some peas," he said.

There was an awkward pause. Then—

"But, father," said the boy, "I don't want any peas."

Compensation.

A workman was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did, after being taken home and put to bed, was to send for a lawyer in order to arrange compensation.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called, and received two crisp Bank of England notes for £5 each.

"How much did you get?" he asked.

"Only £25," answered the lawyer.

"£25! And you give me £10! I say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"—*Penny Magazine*.

What He Could Hear.

First Boarder: "There's one thing I hate about boarding-houses, and that is, the partitions are usually so very thin. Why, at the place I put up at last year I could distinctly hear the scratch of the pen on the paper as the chap in the next room was writing."

Second Boarder: "Well, I guess that's nothing to be compared with the place I put up at a couple of years ago. Why, the partitions were so thin there I could distinctly hear the chap next door changing his mind!"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Good Advice.

He had lately been elected to the club—inadvertently—and his unpopularity was immediate. One day he caught a member of the committee.

"Look here," he said, "I've been insulted in this club. A man offered me a hundred pounds if I'd resign my membership. I must do something. Now, what would you advise me to do?"

The committee-man thought for a moment, and replied: "I advise you to hang on for a few days. You'll get a better price."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

A Good Feed.

Hanging on the top of one of the stalls at a church bazaar recently was a sign which ran: "Luncheons, 1 to 3 p.m., 1s. 6d."

A country farmer and his wife were passing along admiring the various stalls and their contents when he espied the above sign, and was heard to remark to his wife—

"We'll jist nev oor denners here, Jeannie. Twa oors' steady eating 's no' bad fur wann an' six!"—*Tit-Bits*.

His Retort.

Newzance: "Do you know, young man, that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?"

Karmley: "Really! And possibly you are aware that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

SOCIETY INTELLIGENCE.

MIKE THE MEANDERER: Wot's your arrangements for the winter season, Percival?

PERCY THE PHILANDERER: Oh, same as usual, I reckon, old boy. Go to Lunnon, borrow a shovel, and be an unemployed bloke.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

By THE PROMPTER.

MR. ROWAN ORME'S new play, "Mrs. Ellison's Answer," will, I fear, not attract audiences to the New Theatre for any length of time. On the programme it is described as "a serious comedy," and few who have witnessed the production will dispute the truth of this statement. The first act is decidedly promising, but afterwards the play falls away most markedly. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Orme has been too ambitious, for as the ambitious daughter of the American adventurer, she is quite convincing. What to say of the one-act play, "1588," which precedes "Mrs. Ellison's Answer," I confess puzzles me. I see, however, it describes itself as "a foolish comedy." Perhaps we had better leave it at that. But why this refreshing candour?

***

Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen, I hear, is going into joint management, early next year, with Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, and will produce Mr. W. Strange Hall's "The Stormy Petrel" at a West End theatre. I happened to witness a production of this play at Bexhill a few months ago; but since then, I understand, it has undergone considerable alteration. This is good news.

***

I had the pleasure of meeting in a friend's box the other night that charming singer, Miss Edith Miller, the Canadian contralto who made such an impression on the King, when he heard her sing some time back, that she was specially presented to him after the concert. I suppose there is no doubt at all that charm of manner, both personally and upon the platform, are just as important to a singer as to an actress, or even more so. All the great singers of the day—Patti, Melba, Albani, Clara Butt, Ada Crossley, and so on—possess this "platform personality" to a very marked degree, and it must have been of the greatest assistance to them in winning their way to the hearts of the people. Miss Miller is no whit behind them. Having had the pleasure of meeting her, I can readily understand how she has come to be considered the most charming artiste on the London concert-platform to-day, and as her recital at the Bechstein Hall on the 20th is regarded, I am told, as one of the most important events of the season, he apparently possesses all the attributes that are necessary to those who would "loom large" in the musical world. And, frankly, I do not think that anyone can grudge her success, for the story of her fight for fame is an unusually inspiriting one. Fired with ambition for "platform laurels" when a girl in the wilds of Canada, she set out, unassisted, to make her way to the front, and, in spite of three whole years of illness, "stuck to it like a good 'un," and has at last "arrived."

***

Miss Phyllis Dare, who is fast recovering from a severe attack of throat trouble, tells me that she rejoins the cast of "The Dairymaids," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on Monday next. The popular little lady should receive a great welcome. By the way, Miss Dare is just now badly bitten with the diabolo craze, and last week I witnessed a fierce contest with the "Devil Sticks" between Phyllis and sister Zena. After a well-fought-out match the latter was just beaten by three "catches." But, really, a law should be passed to stop people playing diabolo, while the next photographer who takes an actress playing diabolo should have his pictures suppressed by the Censor.

***

Early in December, Mr. Alfred Butt tells me, he is producing his three-act wordless play at the Palace. M. Severin has been engaged for the principal part, and will be supported by half-a-dozen famous Continental mimes and a whole "bunch" of auxiliaries. The Palace is, indeed, going very strong indeed just now, and for weeks past there has not been a seat unsold in the house. This should be "grateful and comforting" to the shareholders.

***

"Aladdin," Mr. Robert Arthur's pantomime, to be produced at the Adelphi at Christmas, promises to be a really great show. The cast is as follows—

The Laundry Maid	"Happy" Fanny Fields
Widow Twankey ...	Mr. Malcolm Scott
The Grand Vizier	Mr. M. R. Morand
Slave of the Ring	Mr. W. R. Percival
Emperor	Mr. Harry Claff
Princess ...	Miss Sarah Vrunell
Abanazar	Mr. Harry Dent
Chinese Policeman	Mr. Regan Ryan
A Dancer	Miss Doris Dean

***

After Dec. 14 the Lyceum Theatre will be required for rehearsals of the Christmas pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," with Miss Dorothy Craske in the title rôle, supported by clever Miss Sybil Arundale. In consequence, a new home will have to be found for "The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine's cleverly-advertised play — what a "boomster" he is, to be sure!—which is still drawing all the world and his wife. In my time I have met many Press agents—some good, some bad, and others merely indifferent—but Mr. Hall Caine, in my opinion, stands out by himself in this line, for he possesses the subtle art of arousing the greatest public interest in any and every production with which he is associated.

Mr. Pinero has for some time been hard at work on a new serious play for Mr. George Alexander. When it will be produced, of course, is at present not settled.

***

I hear that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is taking to America a new two-act Japanese play, called "The Moon of Zo Mato," founded on an old legend which has been done into English by Vicomte Gaston d'Humieres. More of this anon. The plot, I may say, is most enthralling.

***

At Christmas, Miss Marie Studholme is to play the leading part in "Miss Hook of Holland" in Edinburgh. Miss Zena Dare also journeys to Scotland to play Miss Terriss's part in "The Gay Gordons," in which successful musical comedy Mr. Seymour Hicks's brother, the genial Stanley Brett, will make his first appearance since his return from South America.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

DANISH "GEISHA" FOR LONDON.

Miss Gudrun Carlson, the celebrated Danish actress, who, it is stated, has arranged to produce in London, some time in December, a Danish version of the "Geisha." The season will be a short one, but will give the Danish residents in London an opportunity of seeing one of their most famous actresses in a part in which she achieved a veritable triumph throughout Scandinavia.

A NAP HAND.

Mr. Oswald Williams, the illusionist, now appearing at the London Hippodrome, is probably the quickest at his particular kind of business in London to-day. Some of his tricks, as for instance the smartly shut-up box, have been seen before, but the majority are distinctly new and refreshingly original. Perhaps his best illusion is where Mr. Williams tells his audience to take a good look at Mlle.'s pretty face. "Face only if you please, ladies and gentlemen." It is a pleasant task, and one does so with the greatest joy. To ensure that the magician's instructions are obeyed Mlle. pokes her dainty head only through a black velvet curtain. Not another scrap of her is visible. Then Mr. Williams bares his left arm, and showing you his open palm, extends thumb and fingers to the uttermost. At once one sees the young lady's head on the tips of thumb and four fingers as well. It is a clever illusion and now.—[*Photo. Campbell-Grey.*]

Electricity a Cure for the Weak.

Health is Regulated by the Amount we Possess.

That statement may seem to the casual observer to be somewhat too general. Yet it will bear analysis even in minute details. Electricity is a potential part of every living thing in the universe. Without it we could not live. Its effect upon the weak, thin, pale, emaciated being is the production of a man of power, of energy—the kind of man that is good to look upon, from whom health and happiness radiate.

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THE MECCA OF MOTORISTS: CARS WORTH £250,000.
A general view of the great Motor Show at Olympia.

THE WOMAN HOOLIGAN.

CASQUE D'OR, QUEEN OF THE APACHES, RELEASED FROM DURANCE VILE.

An extraordinary demonstration took place in Paris the other day, when the notorious female criminal and Apache-Queen, known throughout France as Casque d'Or, was released from gaol after serving a lengthy sentence. A great crowd of hooligans, including many of the worst characters in Paris, assembled outside the prison gates, and Casque d'Or was received with joyful cries and salutations. With a party of select friends she sprang into a char-a-banc that had been specially ordered, and the band of enemies of law and order was swiftly driven to a restaurant that is none too particular as to its clientèle. Here many toasts were drunk, not the least important of which was, "Confusion to the Police."

LIFE FOR A DREAM.

WOMAN TAKES POISON TO ESCAPE HALLUCINATION.

Frau Olga Hausner, the young wife of a Viennese merchant, committed suicide on Monday owing to a dream.

Shortly before her marriage last March, says the *Express* Vienna correspondent, her aunt had a stroke of apoplexy while out walking with her, and died in her arms in the street.

About a month ago Frau Hausner woke up with a scream during the night, and told her husband that her aunt had appeared to her and accused her of being her murderess.

This made so deep an impression that Frau Hausner poisoned herself after writing letters to her husband and parents that the recollection of the terrible dream had driven her to take her life.

THE GIRL HOOLIGAN.
See accompanying paragraph.

THE KING AND THE BLIND GIRL.

The King has accepted a birthday ode composed by Eva Longbottom, a blind girl, aged fifteen, living at St. Andrew's, Bristol, who is musical, and has won prizes for singing in competitions.

A reply from Sandringham received yesterday says: "Sir Arthur Davidson is commanded by the King to thank Miss Eva Longbottom for her congratulations and good wishes, written in Braille, on the occasion of his birthday, and also to thank her for her photograph, which his Majesty has been pleased to accept."

DRAMATIC ATTACK ON A GENERAL.

Lieutenant Kahn, of the Uhlans, last Sunday attempted to cut down with his sword General Gemmingen in the military riding school at Jaroslav, Galicia.

A large number of cavalry officers were assembled in the school, and one of them saved the general's life.

Kahn suddenly drew his sword and attacked the general from behind. Another lieutenant dashed between the two men, and received a dangerous wound from Kahn's sword.

Other officers drew their swords, and with great fury attacked Kahn, who was mortally wounded.

The general presided on Saturday at a military court of honour, which decided that Kahn was unworthy any longer to wear his uniform. Kahn attempted to be revenged by taking the general's life

Photos. Illus. Bureau

LONDON'S CARNIVAL: THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW LAST SATURDAY.
A general view of the Procession and the crowd. **An ancient warrior and a modern craze.**

THE "P·I·P" GARDENER AND POULTRY-FANCIER.

Nov. 16 to 22.—We are getting on now towards the slowest part of the year, and, before we know it, almost, the tide will have turned, and gardening operations be in full swing again. Just now I am filling up what daylight time I can spare in attending to the many kinds of odd jobs that—like the poor—are ever with us. Of course, there is always deep, sound winter digging and manuring on hand for bright breaks in the weather, but my plans for the coming week mostly concern trifling tasks. For instance, I have a good many tubs in my garden—apple-barrels cut in half, bound with iron strips and painted mostly—and I have some small rhododendron shrubs to plant in them, with a thick outer ring of crocuses. This will give me a charming effect, and I wonder the rhododendron is not grown more extensively. They make a mass of bloom that lasts several weeks, and there is a big variety of colouring to select from, while English-grown shrubs cost as little as a shilling each, and the Continental varieties are on sale at a price as low as eightpence. The shabbiness and dullness of foliage in the autumn months is a very minor matter to complain of, but a warm aspect and a little peat worked up with the soil are often factors missing in the cultivation of this plant. Another job I have on hand is the refilling of some window-boxes for the winter, and I am using various evergreens for the purpose. Silver and golden euonymons give excellent effect, and suitable plants of many sorts may be bought quite cheaply at any nursery. It is getting late for bulbs, and prices are about at their lowest. If you are thinking of planting a few crocuses in your lawn, or some daffodils and narcissus round trees, now is the best time to buy the small and somewhat inferior bulbs required for the purpose. Plant such bulbs fairly deep, for you will not want to disturb them for several years. Chrysanthemums that have flowered should now be cut down.

My Garden Plans.

Many an otherwise pretty garden is spoilt by an ugly, unsightly fence, and there are few walls that would not be improved by a climber of some sort. The present is an excellent time to plant the majority of climbing growths, and the good old Irish ivy cannot be bettered for most purposes. Ivies are catalogued in advertisements and seedsmen's lists at as low as two shillings a dozen plants, but these are mere cuttings, and take a long time to make a good show. For a shilling, however, one can purchase a strong pot plant with half-a-dozen lengthy strands that will cover quite a large space when spread out. Creepers are, of course, delightful with their autumn tints, and the fact that they are not usually evergreen is all that can be said against them. Perhaps the best of the kind is Ampelopsis Veitchii, a specially good city plant, and one which clings itself even in the most exposed situation; ninepence or a shilling is a fair price to pay for such a plant. Virginian creeper is cheaper, and will soon cover an old fence or wall, or an arch, but it is not self-clinging, and demands constant nailing-up or tying. Variegated ivies, as a rule, are slow-growing, and often revert to common green. Jessamine, plain or variegated, with white or yellow flowers, is a sweet, old-fashioned climber.

Some Good Climbers.

"Redla," of Shanklin, asks for a remedy for moss on gravel walks. The presence of moss, either in a path or on the lawn, denotes too much damp; and, though there are plenty of remedies of a temporary nature, lasting effect can only be attained by efficient drainage. In the case of the path it will be necessary to take up the gravel and give the walk a sound foundation of well-broken brick-rubble and such oddments as can be obtained of this class. The gravel should then be evenly relaid, and rolled so that it is slightly convex, *i.e.*, higher in the centre than at the sides, to enable the water to fall away and drain naturally. Speaking of lawns, the same remarks apply as to efficient drainage, and if the lawn were a small one this might be overcome by having the pathway around it at a slightly lower level. Even in this case, if the foundation over which the top dressing of soil and turf were laid could be of rubble, firmly rolled, it would be so much the better. Lawns that are covered with moss should be combed over with an iron-toothed rake, so that as much of the moss as possible may be removed. A top dressing of lime and sharp sand would then be beneficial, but the drainage question is the main one to dispose of.

About Moss.

"Thistle" puts forward an entertaining and also practical appeal for the birds, in our popular contemporary *Amateur Gardening*. "I am always sorry," he writes, "when there is a wholesale slaughter of the innocent birds. There is nothing clears the garden of wireworms like digging over and bringing the wireworms to the surface to be pounced on at once by rooks, starlings, peewits, and other flesh-eating birds. They have sharp eyes, and plough and spade give them tit-bits we are only too glad to get rid of. I have seen a tame sea-gull kept in a garden to rid it of pests. I do not know how the plan succeeded. Farmers are blaming the seagull for leaving his home by the sea in order to live on the land. But when one remembers that there is no crop the gardener or farmer can put on the land but what the wireworm can devour, I think we might try to find out if the seagull has any natural liking for these pests. Soot and seaweed are put on the land to rid us of the plague, and gas-lime in Autumn, but I doubt if there is a better remedy than my old friends the rooks, peewits and starlings."

Remember the Birds.

It seems rather late to be writing of hollyhocks, but I have just had a giant reported to me by Mr. Samuel A. Bethell, of the Cemetery Lodge, Malpas. "Dear Sir," writes this gentleman, "Only a few weeks ago I had a hollyhock here in bloom standing over 15 ft. high with splendid foliage. There were over two hundred flowers when the plant was in full bloom, and the leading gardeners round here looked upon it as a wonder, and are asking me for seed." My hearty congratulations, Mr. Bethell; I should have liked a photo. of your mammoth specimen.

Another Big Hollyhock.

It is very easy to lose birds in transit by rail, and the question of packing should be carefully considered. Valuable fowls often catch colds or pick up disease when travelling, and their plumage must also be included in the reckoning. I will not insult *P.I.P.* readers by suggesting they would use wooden boxes, for such receptacles are quite unsuitable. In the first place, the boxes would be certain of rough handling on the journey; other luggage is bound to be placed on them; ventilation is an emphatic failure. No; stout wicker baskets are the only satisfactory receptacles, and if these are lined, so much the better. Baskets should, of course, be roomy, and on a long journey a little food of some sort should be provided for the birds. The birds' legs need not be tied, and they should, in fact, be given as much freedom as possible. In sending birds by rail to a poultry-show you would, of course, buy proper baskets for the purpose, and such receptacles form part of the regular stock of any dealer in fancier's appliances and requirements.

Live Birds By Rail.

Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

A DESIGN IN BUTTER.

The above model, which is to be seen at the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, is made entirely of butter.

MY BRIEF REPLIES.

J. W. H. (Bexley).—A matter of taste, of course, but why select a sycamore for the situation? It would do well without a doubt, but it seems to me a common, more or less useless tree. Why not have a variegated maple or copper beech? I think you would find either far more satisfactory than a sycamore.

V. P. K.—Iron wheels to garden barrows often get cracked, as you describe. Such an accident happened in my garden a short while ago; but I got a blacksmith to make a "collar," or extra tyre, for the whole wheel, into which the broken part was rivetted.

Henry Willocks.—White and pink lilac-bushes should cost only sixpence apiece; a small weeping-willow would cost eighteenpence, but you would find it rather difficult to train.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Editorial Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. Courland Marshall.

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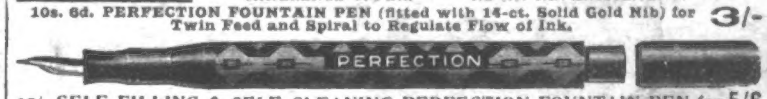

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The Childrens Corner

THE BUNNY'S TEA - PARTY.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

MRS. BUNNY peeped up at the blue sky, which was shining down through the green trees, and gave a little jump of delight.

"Oh!" she said, as she drew a long, refreshing breath from the scented breeze, "what lovely weather we are having—and to-day is simply grand! I really feel as though I would love to do something awfully exciting." Then she sat down on a little grassy hill and thought. Mrs. Bunny was very pretty at all times, but when she was thoughtful—well, she was really lovely. She had a creamy coat, as smooth as satin, dotted over with the prettiest spots of golden brown; her eyes were very sweet and kind-looking, and when anyone came up and patted her and stroked her long white ears her eyes smiled in the most wonderful way.

I think I should mention to you that she had the kindest heart in the world, and was always trying to think out some plan for the amusement of her comrades.

"It really is quite beautifully fine and sunny. Oh! what a dream of a sky!" she exclaimed, as she peeped up at the smooth sea of blue right far above. "Now, what *can* I think of? Oh! what a splendid idea!" she cried in a minute, as her brown eyes danced with glee. "Why—I 'll give a tea-party—a real open-air tea-party in the wood!" And she very nearly clapped her paws together in her glee; and as she whisked round and round in a quaint little dance of her own, two grass-hoppers popped up and whispered—

"See, she 's got one of her bright ideas again," and then giggled in their impudent way, and popped back to their holes again.

Mrs. Bunny belonged to a little boy called Bunch, who had built a nice cosy little hutch for his pet; and as Bunch had a half-holiday on this particular day he had given Mrs. Bunny leave to go and enjoy herself in the wood.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunny, after she had thought of her capital plan for the afternoon, "of course I must go and tell Bunch, and perhaps he 'll help me to provide the refreshments."

When Mrs. Bunny scuttled gleefully into the garden Bunch was up to his eyes in flower-pots and rakes and spades, for he was attending to his garden.

"Halloa!" he called, when he saw his favourite, "what are you up to now?"

"Oh, Bunch, I 've thought of such an excellent idea. What do you think?—I 'm going to give a tea-party in the wood this afternoon, and I want you to help me."

"Like a shot," Bunch answered promptly, for he dearly loved this pet rabbit of his.

"Well, just bring a nice lettuce or two and some other choice green-stuff and stack it in the wood underneath the great oak-tree," said Mrs. Bunny, as she placed her fore-paws on his knee and looked up into his face.

"Right!" answered Bunch, tossing off his garden-hat and piling the flower-pots out of the way. "I 'll go and get them now and bring them out to you." And away went Mrs. Bunny in high glee.

"Now let me see," she said thoughtfully, "I must ask Mrs. Field-Mouse and her two little ones, and Miss Hedgehog and her cousin, and dear little Miss Mole—I was nearly forgetting her—yes, I think that will be enough," so Mrs. Bunny trotted off to invite her guests, and found them all intensely delighted to get her invitation.

"What a happy world it is," Mrs. Bunny reflected, as she hurried back to the oak-tree. "Everyone seems so amiable and sweet—oh, yes I do really feel quite deliciously happy," and as she was capering gaily to herself she heard a little squeaky sound, and, looking up, she saw pretty Miss Squirrel looking at her very pleadingly.

"Oh, good-morning, friend," cried Mrs. Bunny. "Of course you will come to my party; it begins at half-past two, and *do* bring some music with you and give us a song," she added persuasively.

"Oh, how beautiful—fancy going to a real tea-party!" cried Miss Squirrel in a chirpy voice. "Oh, my—I do feel important!" and off she whisked to trim up her tail and smooth her coat.

"Here you are," said Bunch with an armful of green, fresh lettuces, "See, I 'll put it here, down by the oak-tree, and then you 'll know where to find it," and he stroked Mrs. Bunny's long, smooth ears and hurried back to his work in the garden.

Very soon after that the guests arrived — looking extremely smart and comely, and, of course, beaming with smiles.

"Here you are, my dears," cried Mrs. Bunny, clasping the Hedgehog and dear little Miss Mole in a warm embrace.

TWO GRASSHOPPERS POPPED UP AND WATCHED HER QUAINT DANCE.

"Now I propose we have a quiet little chat, and then have a game hide-and-seek."

So they all sat beneath the tall oak-tree, while the bright-eyed birdies peeped down between the branches and told their young ones everything that was going on.

"Really," said Miss Mole, "this is quite delightful. I think I must give a tea-party on my birthday, which is in three weeks' time."

"Oh, please don't forget to ask me," cried everybody in chorus. "And *do* have lots of lovely things to eat," cried a greedy little voice from the back.

"I feel too frisky to simply sit and talk—let 's have a game now," said Miss Squirrel, jumping up and going through a number of quick, funny little bows and twists.

"I 'll be the one to stay at home," said Mrs. Bunny good-naturedly. "Now run off and hide"—and away they went as swiftly as the wind.

"Ho—ho! I see a bushy brown tail," chiped Mrs. Bunny, pouncing upon Miss Squirrel. "And a pair of sharp brown eyes," she went on, as she ran up and caught Mrs. Field-Mouse.

"Miss Squirrel was the first caught," cried Mrs. Field-Mouse, "so it 's her turn to stay at home." And off they went again, and played hide-and-seek till they were tired of it. Then they joined hands and played "I sent a letter to my love," and Miss Mole was staring so hard at the little heap of food under the tree that she nearly jumped as high as the telegraph-pole when Mrs. Bunny tapped her on the shoulder.

"Now we 'll have tea," said Mrs. Bunny, and, needless to say, everyone thought it an excellent idea. Then they all trooped two-and-two, feeling very happy and bright.

"Sit down, my dears," said Mrs. Bunny, with her most benevolent smile; "and little Miss Mole, come and help me share out the lettuce," and soon everyone was very busy eating.

"Halloa!" called Bunch, who had been running and was out of breath, "how are you getting on?" And everyone smiled as well as they could—for they all had an enormous quantity of food in their mouths.

"Won't you have a small portion of lettuce?" said Mrs. Bunny.

"No thanks," replied Bunch, as he glanced down at the numerous strips of green-stuff before Mrs. Bunny, and a peculiar expression lingered about his mouth.

"Well, I 'm off," he said, shouldering his rake and waving his hand to Mrs. Bunny, who felt rather disappointed at his refusing to have some tea with them.

Then they all gossiped together, and were feeling very agreeable and talkative, when little Miss Mole gave a jump up in the air.

"Oh—gracious—I had such a queer feeling on my head," she cried, looking very frightened.

"Oh—oo—ow," came from Miss Squirrel, as she whisked her tail and skipped from side to side, "Something fell upon my head."

"Oh, gracious goodness," shrieked Mrs. Field-Mouse with a look of horror, "Oh, such a lot of hard things fell upon my head—oh!—oh! there it goes again," and she jumped right over Mrs. Bunny's head in her fright and tumbled into the basket of green-stuff, and squeaked and screamed until Mrs. Bunny pulled her out. The next minute there was a general hubbub, and shrieks and screams succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, as Mrs. Bunny jumped up and took the fainting Miss Hedgehog into her arms and rocked her backwards and forwards; and the next minute she was screaming herself, as a lot of small hard things descended upon her head, and as she tried to look up to see where they came from, hundreds and hundreds of small hard things fell upon herself and guests from above.

"Oh," gasped Miss Squirrel, "it 's boys throwing stones—oh, rush for your lives—else they 'll kill us!"

"Oh, boys—boys—boys!" gasped everybody in a tone of horror, and the next minute Mrs. Bunny and her guests were scuttling swiftly over the field, tumbling into each other and squealing, and making such a dreadful din that poor little Miss Mole fainted straight away in Mrs. Bunny's arms, and did not come to until quite three minutes.

"Oh, my dears, I 'm so sorry you had this fright," gasped Mrs. Bunny when they had recovered from their shock a bit. "But you never can tell what those horrid boys will be up to next."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the naughty mischievous little people up in the tree. "That gave them a fright, didn't it? But the next time p'raps they 'll ask us. Fancy sitting right beneath the tree, under the shelter of our branches, and eating without giving us a bit—ugh!" and Mrs. Sparrow shuddered.

"Oh, mother dear, did you see that stuck-up Miss Squirrel when the acorns fell upon her head?" and the little sparrow whistled out a rippling burst of laughter.

"Oh, Bunch, come and see all the stones some cruel boys pelted us with," cried Mrs. Bunny after her guests had gone. And off she trotted by his side; but when they reached the oak-tree Bunch peeped down at the showers of small green objects, and then rocked from side to side with laughter—there were no stones at all, but ACORNS.

"Ho!" he cried, his eyes dancing with fun, "The birds have been having a game with you; and, instead of joining in, you all scuttled away. P'raps, when you have your next party, it 'll be as well to invite them too." And with this sound piece of advice, Bunch walked back to his garden with his pet, who felt dreadfully sorry that she had not asked the sparrows. But she did next time.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

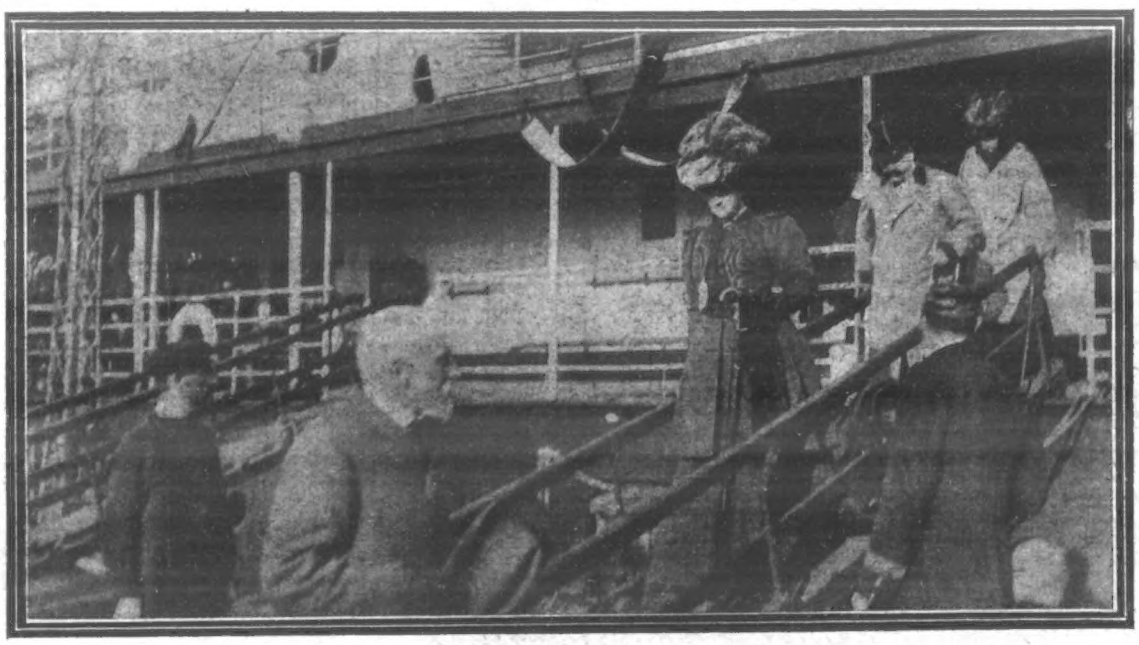
Conducted by Ellice Beere.

Ladder-Work Trimming.

Ladder-work trimming of all kinds is very much in vogue on both day and evening dresses. For cloth costumes glacé silk is utilised, and a useful width in black glacé ladder-work can be obtained for 1s. 3½d. per yard. In the case of frocks of lighter materials, such as soft silk, the ladder-work is very often of self material. Kilting is a fashionable trimming for blouses just now, and knife-pleated frills are displayed down many blouse fronts. The lingerie blouse is still being worn with a very elaborate plastron. Many coats are open to show a dainty plastron or smart waistcoat.

For the Tall and Slender

The tall woman should be in her element this season, as the present fashions seem mainly designed on her behalf. The Directoire and semi-Directoire styles will prove eminently becoming to her for calling and visiting costumes, while the cut-away coat for morning wear will suit her admirably. The tunic skirt requires length to drape gracefully; but while requiring length in the figure, it has the effect of detracting from the height, therefore this again is a style which can be successfully carried off by Diana. The trimmed skirts, too, which are now claiming attention, are all in her favour. The pocket Venus, on the other hand, is favoured by the well-gored skirts, fitting tightly on the hips and flaring out towards the feet, which are now shown in tweed and cloth for morning wear; and for smarter styles she may pin her faith to the clinging skirts which are among the latest of Fashion's edicts, and which always look so well on small figures.



ANOTHER ROYAL VISITOR.

The Queen of Portugal arriving at Folkestone last Sunday to attend the wedding of Princess Louise, sister of the Duke of Orleans, to Prince Charles of Bourbon.—[*Photo. Topical.*]

"Shadow" Stripe Velveteen

A very pretty costume is the "Douglas," made in the new "shadow"-stripe velveteen. It is economical, too, as it is adapted for either indoor or outdoor wear. It is made with a full-gored skirt, finished at the foot with a French hem, inlet with silk to match. The style of the bodice is a short coatee, trimmed with cream cloth, and strappings of silk and braid to match, with a silk waistband. This smart costume costs only three and a half guineas, in several pretty shades, equally becoming to either blonde or brunette. The coat is lined glacé silk, and the skirt with silkette. The smartest costume, however, is incomplete without appropriate headgear. For the price of a guinea a most charming velvet hat can be bought, suitable to the occasion, and any colour can be chosen. The shape is of the cloche variety, and it is trimmed in a very dainty and original fashion with sprays of marabout, parted in the centre by a velvet butterfly bow.

£10,000,000 AT STAKE.

(*Continued from Page 307.*)

its gates. Instead of the stately avenue of trees which line the drive leading through the park to most country houses, there is a tunnel of brick through which the daylight filters by means of large thick bosses of glass set in the roof, while at night it is lighted by means of electricity. This tunnel is about a mile and a half long, and it has been said that when Mr. Gladstone first saw it he described it as one of the wonders of the world.

In order to construct it, the old Duke took the high road from Mansfield to Worksop, and by way of compensation to the public he built a new high road for their use, though he also allowed them the right of way through the tunnel whenever they desired to use it.

On emerging from the far end of this tunnel, the visitor gets into Welbeck Park, and the most casual observation reveals, dotted about the grass, patches or bosses of glass which serve to light the subterranean tunnels or passages. These may be said to honeycomb the estate, and run in all directions for a gross length of eleven miles. Connected with them are secret entrances and exits so that it is possible for anyone who uses the tunnels to reach any part of the estate without being above ground, and therefore without being seen. These tunnels are all of good size, so broad that three men can easily walk abreast, and they are light and airy. Most people naturally assume that a tunnel is, by the very nature of its construction, a damp as well as a very dismal place. In this respect the tunnels at Welbeck are exceptions. The walls are very thick, and are covered with asphalt, so that there is no suspicion of damp from one end of them to another.

In addition to the tunnels, there are certain great subterranean rooms which also owe their origin to the old Duke. The largest of these is the riding school, and it was there that, some two or three years ago, Mr. Chamberlain made one of his great speeches. This riding school is 400 ft. long, 106 ft. wide, and 51 ft. high. It has a glass roof supported on fifty columns, and is lighted by chandeliers which together number over eight thousand jets.

The Welbeck estates cover altogether an area of more than fifty thousand acres, and extend over more than a dozen parishes. Most of this land is under cultivation, and everything which a considerate and conscientious landlord can do the Duke of Portland does. For this reason he is highly esteemed by his tenants. Welbeck, indeed, forms a colony, with a fire brigade, almshouses, and schools. On the middle gable of the almshouses may be read the following inscription: "These houses were erected by the sixth Duke of Portland, at the request of his wife, for the benefit of the poor, and to commemorate the success of his racehorses."

An exceedingly pretty compliment was always paid by the Duke to the Duchess in connection with his racing. Whenever one of his horses won he always had a model of it made in diamonds and gave it to the Duchess. Success followed his colours so often, and the Duchess's stud of diamond horses became so large, that the Duke had to find another way of commemorating his winnings. His fondness for horses being what it is, it need hardly be said that the stables at Welbeck are very fine indeed, and the hunting-stables alone cover the area of an acre.

In October 1900 part of Welbeck Abbey was destroyed by fire, and, more terrible still to contemplate, the three children of the Duke and Duchess nearly lost their lives. Their Graces were in Scotland at the time, and in the middle of the night a fire broke out in the maid's room, next to the night nursery in which the three children were sleeping. The housekeeper and the groom of the chambers managed with great difficulty to make their way to the nursery through the smoke, and succeeded in rescuing the little ones, who were carried in safety to the private chapel. Eventually the Duke's fire-brigade, working in conjunction with the fire-brigades of Worksop and Sheffield, succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but not before the south front, or Oxford wing, as it was called, containing thirty apartments, was gutted.

Among the articles rescued from the fire was a Chippendale bedstead, which had to be cut in two in order to get it out of the window, and, though damaged, each part is said to be worth £1000. Besides these, there are many priceless pictures, and fine bits of statuary, including a bust of Queen Victoria, representing her late Majesty wearing the ribbon and Star of the Garter, and a crown from which a lace veil hangs, clasped over the bust with the great Koh-i-noor diamond. This was a present from Queen Victoria at the time of the Duke's marriage under what were quite romantic circumstances. As he was waiting at a little railway station in Scotland for the train to come in, the Duke saw a tall, handsome girl with beautiful hair standing a little distance off. Immediately he turned to the companion who was with him and said, "I must find out who that girl is, for I mean to marry her." As luck would have it, or as Fate had decreed, when the Duke arrived at the country house to which he was going he found that the girl whom he had so much admired was among his fellow guests. She was Miss Dallas Yorke, the only daughter of Mr. Dallas Yorke, of Walmsgate, Lincolnshire. It was not long before they were engaged, and their wedding was the great event of the season of 1889. On that memorable day the Duchess wore the Portland family jewels, among them being a row of large pearls with a single pearl drop which was once the property of Queen Mary II.

These, then, are a few of the great interests of the ducal pair which are threatened by the case which is now engrossing so much of the public notice. If Mr. George Hollamby Druce eventually succeeds in his action he will have, in addition to these vast estates and the treasures they house, a rent-roll which is estimated to produce about £150,000 a year, and he will, further, be the patron of thirteen livings, while he will wield a power which those who are privileged to know the reigning Duke and Duchess agree has always been used in their hands for good, for the tall, fine-looking man who has been the Master of the Horse both to Queen Victoria and to his Majesty, and is privileged to wear the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter across his breast, is a typical country squire, who has at heart the welfare of his estates and his people.

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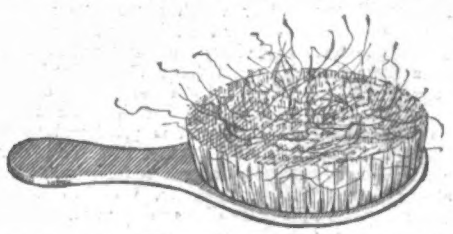
As so many have repeatedly written asking if there is to be another week's test, we now have much pleasure



A most annoying circumstance in the daily toilet of many thousands of men and women.

in announcing the completion of the necessary arrangements for another week's free "hair drill."

WHAT THE DRILL WILL PROVE.

1. That your hair can be drilled into fine condition.
2. That your hair need not be too brittle or too limp.
3. That it need not be too highly coloured or colourless.
4. That it need not fall out when brushed or combed.
5. That it certainly need not be scurfy, or greasy, or odorous.

The test was originally arranged for the express purpose of demonstrating that the hair can be "drilled" or trained to grow, as regards both quantity and quality. It was intended to show that, while the hair may—as it does—suffer severely from neglect or improper treatment, it is equally capable of resultful cultivation under certain conditions. That the conditions supplied in the first week's test of "hair drill" were the right ones has now been amply proved, to the satisfaction of thousands.

Hair that was weak and thin is now strong and plentiful.

Hair that was falling now "stands its ground" under the most vigorous brushing and comb-pulling.

Hair that was colourless and faded is now iridescent with shimmering shades of richness.

Hair that was brittle, non-elastic, is now as lissome as strong and healthy hair should be.

Certainly the results of the first week's test should encourage all those of our readers who did not take it up then to now do so without delay.

The arrangements made for the present one week's trial of "hair drill" provide everything necessary at the nominal cost of 3d. in stamps, which small amount merely covers the cost of posting the necessary preparation, namely, Edwards' famous "Harlene for the Hair." The quantity will be found sufficient for one week's drill treatment of the hair.

Here it may be pointed out that while "Harlene" is undoubtedly the best dressing for the hair itself, it is

A typical case where a short course of "Hair Drill" will prove beneficial.

in every case of hair weakness, or baldness, recommended that it be well rubbed into the scalp itself.

The scalp must be conditioned before one may expect healthy hair growth, just as the soil in the garden must be prepared if one is to expect fine flowers. The crop is the result of conditions, whether the crop be hair or flowers.

Therefore, the originators of the world-renowned hair-growing and beautifying preparation known as "Edwards' Harlene" bespeak proper attention to the conditions for the successful conduct of the present week's test of "hair drill."

Messrs. Edwards' long experience, during which they have been of service to Royal and other distinguished

One of the methods employed in "Drilling" the Hair. This new system is fully explained in the Free Booklet, "Hair Drill," which all readers are invited to apply for at once.

personages, entitles their recommendations to the utmost respect. Further, the results of the first week's "hair drill," as undertaken by many thousands of readers, only prove how well founded and how absolutely reliable is their expert advice on true hair culture.

"Harlene" is sold by chemists and stores at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

(Second Week's Free "Hair Drill" Test.)

To **EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,**
95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C.

DEAR SIRS,—Please send me Booklet, directions, and supply of "Harlene" for Second Week's "Hair Drill" Test. I enclose three penny stamps for carriage. If called for, no charge is made.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

....

Penny Illustrated Paper, Nov. 16, 1907.

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